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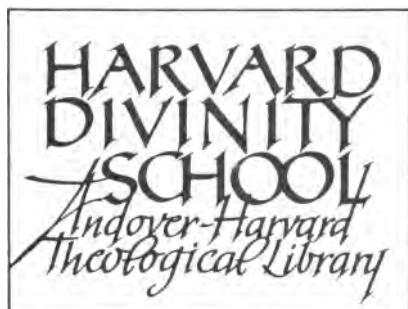
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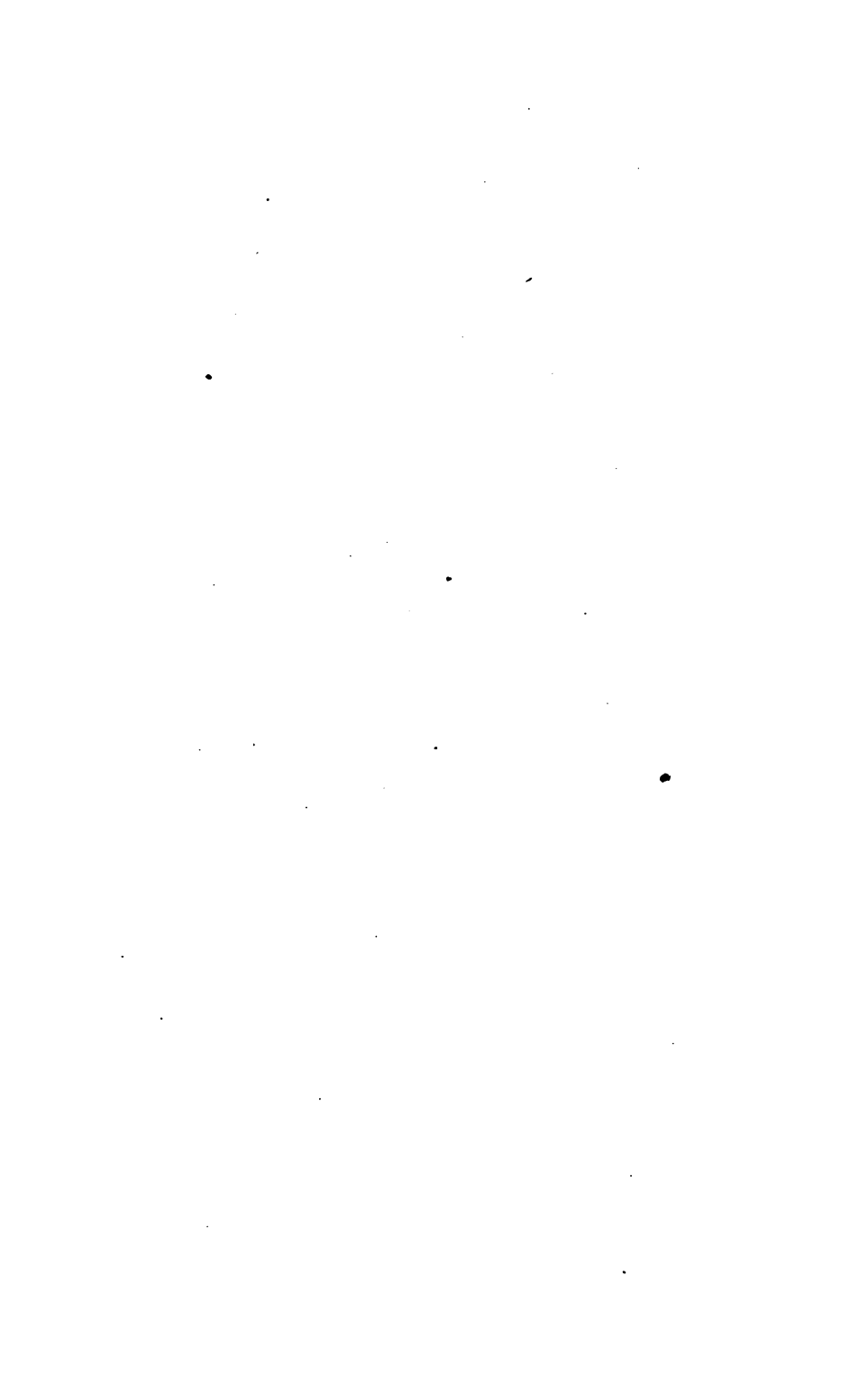
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Spiritual Songs,
OR
Songs of Praise
TO
ALMIGHTY GOD,

UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

BY THE

REV. JOHN MASON, M.A.,

Rector of Water-Stratford, Buckingham.

AND

Penitential Cries,

BY THE

REV. THOMAS SHEPHERD, M.A.,

Minister of Braintree, Essex.

London :

D. SEDGWICK, 81, SUN STREET, BISHOPSGATE,
AND HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER BOW.

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1859

Uniform with this Volume.

HOSANNAH to the SON of DAVID, or Hymns of Praise to GOD, for our glorious Redemption by CHRIST, pp. 48, *Bristol*, 1759.

An ELEGY on the REVEREND MR. G. WHITEFIELD, A.M., Chaplain to the Right Honourable COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, who died September 30th, 1770, in Newbury, in New England, presented to Her Ladyship by William Williams, pp. 12, *Carmarthen*, 1771.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS, or Hymns of Praise to GOD and the LAMB, pp. 76, *Carmarthen*, 1772.—All by WILLIAM WILLIAMS (*of Pantycelyn, Carmarthen*): with Biographical Sketch by the Rev. Edward Morgan, A.M., Vicar of *Syston, Leicestershire*, Author of "Williams's Life," &c., in one volume, 12mo, cloth, 4s.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have been anxiously waiting for a long time for some Welshman to undertake the task of presenting his countrymen, as well as his neighbours, the English, with a new edition of old Williams's English Hymns, but until recently in vain.

"We have it now however laid before us; the volume contains, at least it professes to contain, the whole of the Hymns of the sweet Songster of Wales.

"The Hosannah was published by the Author in the year 1759, a century ago: at that period Mr. Williams had only published one of his Welsh Hymn-Books—the Alleluia—some of the English Hymns in the Hosannah are translations from the Welsh Hymn-Book just named: but by far the greater portion are original, and on new subjects.

"The other work in this volume, "Gloria in Excelsis," was composed at the request of Lady Huntingdon, for the service of the Orphan-House built by Mr. Whitefield in Georgia in America, this was printed in Carmarthen in 1772.

"The present edition has been issued by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, Bookseller, Sun-Street, London, and is a fac-simile of the originals published by Mr. Williams himself; the Rev. Edward Morgan, of Syston, Leicestershire, has contributed some notes to the work, with a brief review of the Life of the Author. Some of Williams's hymns are as well known as those of Watts or Cowper, and although the Author has been rather negligent in his language, owing doubtless to his lack of practice in the English, which makes his hymns appear more rugged and less refined than could have been desired, in order to make them acceptable amongst the highly cultivated English critics, yet no one who has felt the corruption of his own heart and acquainted with the workings of faith in the Redeemer, can read them without heartfelt rejoicing, and value them as suitable medicine for pouring out his tenderest feelings—consecrated in words which incline us to consider them almost inspired—and so apposite as to make us believe they were intended for our own individual case."—Translated from the "*Traethodydd*," March, 1859.

“Williams was one of the first preachers among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and extensively popular as an Author of Welsh hymns, among which he first published that very general favourite, “Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.” His hymns having been for many years exceedingly scarce, Mr. Sedgwick has been induced to reprint them; and the curious in such matters will doubtless thank him, and add this volume to their respective collections.”—*Watchman*, January 26th, 1859.

“This is the first of a Series which it is intended to publish, of the best hymns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the exact words of their Authors. The idea is a good one; for our best hymns have been sadly mutilated and spoiled.”—*Notes and Queries*, February 5th, 1859.

“This is a volume of considerable interest, more especially to those who knew the good and able man whose name is inscribed on the title-page. Mr. Williams was a moral hero in his day and generation, a Clergyman of distinguished talents and high character, who spent seventy-four years in traversing this vale of tears. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, Vicar of Syston, has materially added to the value of the book by his interesting introductory Essay.”—*Christian Witness*, February, 1859.

“Mr. Williams was born in 1717, and was ordained deacon in 1740; but, being refused priest's orders, he joined the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist body, and died in 1791. He appears to have been a most zealous man. He was the author of two well-known hymns, one beginning, “O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,” the other, “Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.” The volume before us is a reprint of two of Mr. Williams's works, which appeared in 1759 and 1772. The hymns they contain are devotional and impassioned; and it seems that the productions of his muse have been remarkably popular in the principality. In his own language no doubt they possessed considerable merit; but he was not sufficiently acquainted with English to express himself in flowing verse. The two hymns which we first mentioned were composed in Welsh, and were doubtless (especially the last) translated into English by another hand. Very few could be introduced into our psalmody; yet we are pleased at the republication of them, and think that this little volume will form an interesting study to the devout mind.”—*Church of England Magazine*, March 31st, 1859.

“This volume of hymns was composed by a remarkable character who lived in North Wales during the latter part of the last century, and for at least forty-five years travelled forty or fifty miles every week, preaching, mostly in Welsh, all through the Principality. He chiefly wrote in Welsh, in which he excelled as an Author; but the work before us he composed in English. That not being his native tongue, there is at times a stiffness apparent in his compositions; and yet there is a force and originality breathing through his uncouth language, which show that he knew and felt what he said, and that no mercenary motive or thirst for human praise moved his pen, but that he wrote for the glory of God and the good of his people. A well-known hymn of his begins, “O'er those gloomy hills of darkness,” and may be found in most collections.”—*Gospel Standard*, June, 1859.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS volume contains the compositions of two kindred spirits, the *Songs of Praise* of the Rev. John Mason, and the *Penitential Cries* of the Rev. Thomas Shepherd. The first edition of the former was published in the year 1683, while the latter were not added till 1692. But having since then, in union, profited, delighted, and edified many earnest christians—as the many editions of this anonymously published volume prove—the publisher would not separate them in this edition—carefully reprinted from the fourth, *i.e.* the last edition corrected by Mr. Mason—though he has assigned to each author his own share in the joint-publication, omitting the Metrical Version of the Canticles, and the Sacred Poem on Dives and Lazarus, which had hitherto formed a portion of the volume, and adding one of the minor poems written on special occasions, and published with a short account of the life and death of Mr. J. Mason, by John Dunton, in 1694.

The few particulars which could be gleaned from the several accounts of the author of the *Songs of Praise*, show that the REV. JOHN MASON, M.A., attended the school at Strixton, in Northamptonshire, removed thence to Clare Hall, Cambridge, and began his ministry as curate to the Rev. Mr. Sawyer, at Isham in Northamptonshire. On October 31st, 1668, he was presented to the vicarage of Stanton-Bury, and subsequently—January 28th, 1674—to the rectory of Water-Stratford, in the county of Buckingham, where he departed this life in the year 1694.

The testimony of his contemporaries, and his

writings in prose and poetry, prove him to have been a man of considerable learning, fervent spirit, genuine zeal, and great industry. He was a popular preacher, who preached with much earnestness, and used great plainness of speech. His warm and experimental preaching in the pulpit was rendered still more impressive by his unaffected piety, great humility, and exemplary walk, and many were, therefore, the seals of his ministry. "He was a light in the pulpit, and a pattern out of it." His whole conversation testified that he had laid "hold upon the Lord Jesus Christ by a true and lively faith," breathed a truly catholic spirit, and aimed at the spiritual prosperity of all his parishioners. Six times every day he wrestled with the Lord in prayer; and it was this practice of giving himself continually to prayer, that sustained him in his abundant labours, and rendered his ministry so eminently useful. The Rev. Henry Maurice, Rector of Tyringham, Bucks, who wrote "An impartial Account of Mr. John Mason, and his Sentiments," says, "He was a person of as great devotion as ever I met with, and his main aim was to make all he conversed with to be religious. He was not only true and just, but kind and charitable; very affable in his carriage, meek in his converse, and never over earnest but (where he thought he could not exceed) for God." The Rev. Mr. Hammet, the successor of Mr. Mason at Stanton-Bury, adds: "My acquaintance with Mr. Mason I have esteemed one of the greatest mercies I ever received. His affections were so fervent, and his zeal so great, that as they were the comfort, so they were the admiration of those that feared God and lived near him." Mr. Baxter calls him "the Glory of the Church of England," and says: "The frame of his spirit was so heavenly, his deportment so humble and obliging, his discourse of spiritual things, and little else could we

hear from him, so weighty, with such apt words and delightful air, that it charmed all that had any spiritual relish, and was not burdensome to others, as discourses of that nature have been from other ministers."

Towards the close of his life, he entertained strange and extravagant notions respecting the personal reign of Christ on earth, and the resurrection from among the dead; and his unguarded expressions, especially in a discourse, entitled "The Midnight Cry," induced many, even after his death, to expect the glorious appearing of Christ to judge the world at Water-Stratford. Mr. Mason himself testified to the last that he had seen the Lord, and that it was time for this nation to tremble, and for Christians to trim their lamps. His last words were: "I am full of the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Of his publications we notice the following:

1. The "Songs of Praise to Almighty God, upon several occasions, together with the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's, first turned, then paraphrased in English Verse, with an addition of a Sacred Poem on Dives and Lazarus, to which is added Penitential Cries."* This volume, which has passed through twenty editions, contains most of his poems, and these are remarkable for pure and sound devotion. James Montgomery, the poet, says respecting them: "The style (of the author) is a middle tint between the raw colouring of Quarles, and the day-light clearness of Watts. His talent is equally poised between both, having more vigour but less versatility than that of either his forerunner, or his successor. Dr. Watts, Mr. Pope, and the Wesleys, appear to have been familiar with the contents of this volume, sundry lines and phrases in verses of theirs being evidently borrowed from passages in it."

* Of these he only composed the first six, and the 86th Psalm, which, through inadvertance, have been ranged under the general title of *Songs of Praise*, pp. 49 to 57.

2. A little Catechism, with verses and sayings for little children.

3. "Mr. Mason's Remains," being two sermons of his, published and prefaced by the Rev. Thos. Shepherd, of Braintree, in Essex.

4. "Select Remains of the Rev. John Mason, M.A.," containing a collection of sententious and practical sayings, and christian letters.

These were highly recommended for distribution in families and among private Christians by the late Dr. Isaac Watts, who writes in a letter, dated Newington, Oct. 24th, 1741, "The letters to his friends show the reader that the writer's heart was always in heaven, and may teach him upon every occasion to bring religion into his converse with his friends, whether by writing or speaking."

The REV. THOMAS SHEPHERD was the son of the Rev. William Shepherd, formerly a minister of the Established Church, at Tilbrook, in Bedfordshire, but subsequently pastor of the Congregational church, first at Oundle, and afterwards at Kettering, in Northamptonshire. He was born in the year 1665, and educated at one of the Universities. Having taken orders, he officiated for some time at St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, and removed thence to a living in Buckinghamshire, which his convictions did not permit him long to retain. In 1694 he was chosen pastor of the Congregational church assembling at Castle Hill Meeting House, Northampton, subsequently the pastoral charge of Dr. Ph. Doddridge. In 1697, he preached as a probationary to the Presbyterian congregation, formerly assembling in Poor Jewry Lane (now Jewry Street), Aldgate, but his election, by a majority of one vote, was overruled. In the beginning of 1698, he removed from Northampton, and settled, in 1700, at Bocking,* in Essex. He found here a

* The village of Bocking adjoins the market-town of Braintree, and hence both names were formerly employed indiscriminately to describe the dissenting congregation there.

few people assembling in a barn, but through the blessing of God on his labours, and his striking and powerful delivery, he attracted, before many years had elapsed, a congregation, respectable in circumstances and considerable in number, so that the original foundation of the present spacious Meeting-House, which stands at the entrance of the village of Bocking, from the town of Braintree, could be laid in the year 1707.* During his ministry of nearly 40 years, the church prospered, and several hundreds acknowledged him as their "Father in Christ." Shortly after his settlement at Bocking, he was employed in vindicating his sentiments as a dissenter by the publication, in 1702, of three sermons on Separation, in answer to Mr. Bennett's discourse on Schism. In the same year he published "several (7) sermons on Angels, with a sermon on the power of Devils in bodily Distempers." In the year 1715, he published "Two sermons : the first preached before an Association of Ministers ; † the second to Married People, showing the mutual helpfulness of that state." For the first, which appears to have been preached at his own Meeting-house, he chose as his text, John iii. 29, and showed that "faithful ministers are the Bridegroom's friends ;" and in the second which he preached from Genesis ii. 18, he discourses on God's consultation about man, touching his felicity, his judgment concerning man in his single state, and his care over man as to his marriage. In the year 1726, he published the several printed sermons which had proceeded from his pen, in one octavo volume, which he entitled, "Discourses on Various Subjects."

Besides these publications he wrote :—

1. A Discourse on Lots, showing that all use

* This building was called Braintree Meeting-House, and its ministers were designated as the dissenting ministers of Braintree, till the year 1789, when an Independent place of worship was erected in the town of Braintree.

† May 10th, 1715.

of Lots in a sportive way, is utterly unlawful, preached March 6th, 1720.

2. Five Discourses on Zaccheus's Conversion.

3. The case of Infant Baptism made plain, a Dialogue.

4. A Guide to Charity, a Sermon on 1. Cor. xvi. 1, 2.

5. Three Discourses on Christ's Agony in the Garden.

6. The Loving Penitent, or Magdalen's Repentance and Love, illustrated in several Sermons.

7. The Life of Shadows.

8. "Penitential Cries, begun by the Author of the Songs of Praise, and carried on by another hand."

His personal acquaintance with the Author of the Songs of Praise may be inferred from his having published and prefaced two of his sermons, styled "Mr. Mason's Remains," and his stay in Buckinghamshire at a time when the fame of Mr. Mason went abroad into all that neighbourhood. The spirit which pervades the Songs and Cries of the Rector of Water-Stratford, breathes through the penitential cries of the Pastor of Braintree, and they were the language of his own heart, published for the edification of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Although Mr. Shepherd was highly esteemed and affectionately loved by his people, he was not exempt from the trials which are the portion of a faithful minister. His mind was at times sorely oppressed by circumstances which occurred in his congregation, and proved the tempter's fatal power. At length, having attained the age of 73, grown old in his Master's service, and to the last retained the warmest affections of the great body of his flock, he finished his earthly course on the 29th of January, 1739.*

* See the sketch of his life in the *Congregational Magazine* for July, 1828, and short notices of him in the same Magazine for March and April, 1830, pp. 113 and 224.

THE PREFACE.

OUR Blessed Saviour, immediately before he went out to suffer, sung an Hymn, and his Disciples sung with him. After his Ascension into Heaven, the Apostles sung the Praises of God, and taught others to do so. After them the Primitive Christians sung, and so must the Christians of this Time. For if these should hold their Peace, the Stones would immediately cry out. Should we be silent, even the *Heathens* might shame us; one of whom said formerly to his Friends, *If I was a Nightingale, I would sing like a Nightingale; but now I am a Man, I will sing the Praises of God as long as I live; and I would have you to sing with me!* Sing we then heartily to our good God, as it ever becometh us. So dear to us should the Concernment of God's Honour be, that we should solemnly own his Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, even in those Works of His, wherein we have no special Interest. For this we have the Example of Holy *David*, and others. But if we have not attained to so Divine a Frame, yet we should at least, praise God for our own Mercies: which are scarce Mercies, scarce our own, if they be not thankfully acknowledged to

Him that gave them : some of which are taken Notice of in the First Part of the Book. But who can express the Noble Acts of the Lord, or show forth all his Praises ?

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing:

Let Heaven and Earth praise Him, let Saints and Angels praise Him.

Let God's Holy Church throughout all the World praise Him ; let all the Tongues and Tribes of the Earth praise Him ; let Time praise Him ; let Eternity praise Him ; let our Lips and Lives praise Him ; let our Souls praise Him. And O may they be a Praise to the Riches of his Grace for ever !

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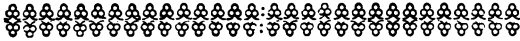
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ERRATA.

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- Page 43, line 17, for XXIII.....read XXVIII.
 " 43, " 25, " I fear..... " I fear'd.
 " 64, " 25, " Psalm LI..... " LII.
 " 87, " 1, " liberal a..... " a liberal.



Songs of Praise to Almighty God upon
several Occasions.

I. *A General Song of Praise to Almighty God.*

1.

HOW shall I Sing that Majesty
Which Angels do Admire ?
Let Dust in Dust and Silence lie,
Sing, Sing, ye Heavenly Quire.
Thousands of Thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God, most High ;
Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand sound
Thy Praise ; but who am I ?

2.

Thy Brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy Footsteps trace ;
A Sound of God comes to my Ears ;
But they behold thy Face.
They Sing because thou art their Sun,
Lord, send a Beam on me ;
For where Heav'n is but once begun,
There Hallelujahs be.

3.

Enlighten with Faith's Light my Heart,
Inflame it with Love's Fire ;

B

Then shall I sing and bear a part
 With that Celestial Quire.
 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
 With all my Fire and Light :
 Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,
 Lord, Treasure up my Mite.

4.

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
 Which doth all Beings keep !
 Thy Knowledge is the only Line
 To sound so vast a Deep.
 Thou art a Sea without a Shore,
 A Sun without a Sphere ;
 Thy Time is now and evermore ;
 Thy Place is every where.

5.

How good art thou, whose Goodness is
 Our Parent, Nurse, and Guide ;
 Whose Streams do water Paradise,
 And all the Earth beside !
 Thine Upper and Thy Nether Springs
 Make both thy Worlds to thrive :
 Under thy warm and sheltering Wings
 Thou keep'st two Broods alive.

6.

Thy Arm of Might, most mighty King,
 Both Rocks and Hearts doth break :
 My God, thou canst do every thing
 But what would shew thee Weak.
 Thou canst not cross thy self, or be
 Less than thy self, or poor ;
 But whatsoever pleaseth Thee,
 That canst thou do, and more.

7.

Who would not fear thy Searching Eye,
Witness to all that's true ?
Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisy
Lie plain before its view.
Motions and Thoughts before they grow,
Thy Knowledge doth espy ;
What unborn Ages are to do,
Is done before thine Eye.

8.

Thy Wisdom, which both makes and mends,
We ever much admire :
Creation all our Wit transcends ;
Redemption rises higher.
Thy Wisdom guides stray'd Sinners home,
'Twill make the dead World rise,
And bring those Prisoners to their Doom,
Its Paths are Mysteries.

9.

Great is thy Truth, and shall prevail
To Unbelievers shame ;
Thy Truth and Years do never fail ;
Thou ever art the same.
Unbelief is a Raging Wave,
Dashing against a Rock :
If God doth not his *Israel* Save,
Then let *Egyptians* mock.

10.

Most Pure and Holy are thine Eyes,
Most Holy is thy Name ;

Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
 Thy Holiness proclaim.
 This is the Devil's Scourge and Sting,
 This is the Angels Song,
 Who Holy, Holy, Holy, Sing,
 In Heavenly *Canaan's* Tongue.

11.

Mercy, that shining Attribute,
 The Sinner's Hope and Plea !
 Huge Hosts of Sins in their Pursuit,
 Are drown'd in thy Red Sea :
 Mercy is God's Memorial,
 And in all Ages prais'd ;
 My God, thine only Son did fall,
 That Mercy might be rais'd.

12.

Thy bright Back-parts, O God of Grace,
 I Humbly here Adore ;
 Shew me thy Glory and Thy Face,
 That I may praise Thee more.
 Since none can see thy Face and live,
 For me to die is best ;
 Thro' *Jordan's* Streams who would not dive,
 To Land at *Canaan's* Rest ?

II. *Another.*

1.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his Gifts to me ?
 Sing Heav'n and Earth ; rejoice, and praise
 His Glorious Majesty.

Bright Cherubims, sweet Seraphims,
Praise Him with all your might :
Praise, praise Him, all ye Hosts of Heav'n,
Praise him ye Saints in Light.

2.

Ye blessed Patriarchs, praise the Lord,
For his First-fruits are ye ;
Bless'd Prophets, who dreamt here of God,
Praise Him, whom now you see.
Offer to God, ye Glorious Priests,
Your Sacrifice of Praise ;
Sweet Psalmists, now your Hearts are fixt,
Your Tuneful Voices raise.

3.

Ye Twelve Apostles of the Lamb,
Who here proclaim'd your King,
And fill'd this World with Holy Sounds,
Loud Hallelujahs sing.
Triumphant Martyrs, ye did fight,
And fighting ye did fall,
And falling ye took up a Crown :
Crown Him, who Crown'd you all.

4.

Praise, praise Him, all ye saved Ones,
From whom Salvation came ;
Praise Him that sits upon the Throne,
And praise the Glorious Lamb.
Praise, praise Him, all ye Saints below,
Praise Him both East and West :
Praise Him, all ye baptized Lands,
Praise whom you have profess'd.

5.

O praise Him, all ye Crowned Heads,
 That own the Christian Name :
 Praise Him, who is the King of Kings,
 Raise and enlarge his Fame.
 Praise Him, all Christian Magistrates,
 Gain Credit to his Ways :
 Praise Him, ye Ministers of God,
 Teach others Him to praise.

6.

Praise Him, our Famous Christian Isle,
 Praise Him with one accord.
 Let every Tongue, let every Tribe,
 Be taught to praise the Lord.
 Praise Him, my Friends and Kindred all,
 O praise him all your Days ;
 My Mind and Heart, my Lip and Life,
 Join to advance his Praise.

7.

O ! let me praise thee whilst I live,
 And praise thee when I die,
 And praise thee when I rise again,
 And to Eternity.
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The Father sent his Son ;
 The Son sends forth the Holy Ghost,
 For Men's Salvation.

8.

Mysterious Depths of Endless Love
 Our Admirations raise,
 My God, thy Name exalted is
 Far above all our Praise.

III. *A Song of Praise for Creation.*

1.

THOU wast, O God : And thou was Blest
Before the World begun ;
Of thine Eternity possess
Before Time's Glass did run.
Thou needest none thy Praise to sing,
As if thy Joy could fade.
Could'st thou have needed any thing,
Thou could'st have nothing made.

2.

Great and Good God, it pleased Thee
Thy God-Head to declare ;
And what thy Goodness did decree,
Thy Greatness did prepare :
Thou spak'st, and Heav'n and Earth appear'd,
And answer'd to thy Call ;
As if their Maker's Voice they heard,
Which is the Creatures' *ALL*.

3.

Thou spak'st the Word, most mighty Lord,
Thy Word went forth with speed ;
Thy Will, O Lord, it was thy Word,
Thy Word it was thy Deed.
Thou brought'st forth *Adam* from the *Ground*,
And *Eve* out of his Side ;
Thy Blessing made the Earth abound
With these Two multiply'd.

4.

Those three great Leaves, *Heav'n, Sea and Land*,
Thy Name in Figures show ;

Brutes feel the Bounty of thy Hand,
 But I my Maker know.
 Should not I here thy Servant be,
 Whose Creatures serve me here ?
 My Lord, whom should I fear, but Thee,
 Who am thy Creatures Fear ?

5.

To whom, Lord, should I Sing, but Thee,
 The Maker of my Tongue ?
 Lo ! Other Lords would seize on me,
 But I to Thee belong :
 As Waters haste unto their Sea,
 And Earth unto its Earth ;
 So let my Soul return to Thee,
 From whom it had its Birth.

6.

But Ah ! I'm fallen in the Night,
 And cannot come to thee ;
 Yet speak the Word, *Let there be Light*,
 It shall Enlighten me :
 And let thy Word, most Mighty Lord,
 Thy Fallen Creature raise ;
 O make me o'er again, and I
 Shall sing my Maker's Praise.

IV. *A Song of Praise for Preservation.*

1.

THOU, Lord, who raised'st *Heav'n* and *Earth*,
 Dost make thy Building stand ;
 The Weight whereof doth wholly rest
 On thine Almighty Hand.

Should'st thou withdraw thy Hand of Might,
The Earth would quit its Place ;
The shining Heav'n would vanish straight
Into mere empty Space.

2.

For as that Liquor's Scent remains
Which first the Cask did fill ;
So Feeble Creatures hold the Scent
Of their First Nothing still :
Lord, what is Man, that Child of Pride,
That boasts his High Degree ?
If one poor moment he be left,
He sinks, and where is he ?

3.

In Thee I live, and move, and am ;
Thou deal'st me out my Days ;
As thou renew'st my Being, Lord,
Let me renew thy Praise.
From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be ;
'Tis better for me not to live,
Than not to live to Thee.

4.

My God, thou art my Glorious Sun,
By whose bright Beams I shine ;
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.
Thou art my Living Fountain, Lord,
Whose Streams on me do flow ;
My self I render unto thee,
To whom my self I owe.

5.

As thou, Lord, an Immortal Soul
 Hast breathed into me ;
 So let my Soul be breathing forth
 Immortal thanks to Thee.

V. A Song of Praise for Provision.

1.

COME, let us praise our Master's Hand,
 Which gives us Daily Bread ;
 Thy House, my Lord, is full of Guests,
 Thy Table richly spread :
 Earth is thy Table, where thy Guests
 Do daily sit and feed ;
 Thy Hand Carves every one his Part,
 And suffers none to Need.

2.

Naked came I into the World,
 And nothing with me brought ;
 And nothing have I here deserv'd,
 Yet have I lacked Nought.
 I do not bless my Lab'ring Hand,
 My Lab'ring Head, or Chance ;
 Thy Providence, most Gracious God,
 Is mine Inheritance.

3.

Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,
 A Table free from Strife ;
 Thy Blessing is the Staff of Bread,
 Which is the Staff of Life.
 The People sate in Companies,
 My Saviour fed them all ;

So all the Families of th' Earth
Have Tables in God's Hall.

4.

The Vine and Olive-Branches too
Are Nourish'd by thy Care ;
Mercies we eat, Mercies we drink,
Mercies we daily wear.
Shall I repine against my God,
That kept me all my Days ?
Then let my Tongue-forget to taste,
When it forgets to praise.

VI. A Song of Praise for Protection.

1.

MY God, my only Help and Hope,
My strong and sure Defence :
For all my Safety and my Peace
I bless thy Providence.
The daily Favours of my God
I cannot Sing at large ;
Yet let me make this Holy Boast,
I am th' Almighty's Charge.

2.

Lord, in the Day, thou art about
The Paths wherein I tread ;
And in the Night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my Bed.
I travel through the Wilderness,
Free from the Beasts of Prey ;
The Wolves and Lions Mouths are stopp'd,
The Serpents creep away.

3.

In Preservation God Creates,
 Delivers in Protection ;
 Lord, every Moment of my Life
 Is like a Resurrection.
 A thousand Deaths I daily 'scape,
 I pass by many a Pit,
 I sail by many dreadful Rocks,
 Where others have been split.

4.

I see blind People with mine Eyes,
 To Hospitals I walk ;
 I hear of them that cannot hear,
 And of the Dumb I talk ;
 Lord, what am I that thou should'st shew
 Such Favour unto me ?
 My Bones and Senses all must say,
 Lord, who is like to thee ?

VII. *A Song of Praise for Health.*

1.

HEALTH is a Jewel dropt from Heav'n,
 Which Money cannot buy,
 The Life of Life, the Bodies' Peace,
 And pleasant Harmony.
 Lord, who hath Tun'd my outward Man
 To such a lively Frame,
 Screw up my Heart-strings all, to make
 Sweet Melody to thy Name.

2.

Whilst others in God's Prisons lie,
 Bound with Affliction's Chains,

I walk at large, secure and free
From Sickness and from Pains ;
Their Life is Death, their Language Groans,
Their Meat is Juice of Galls ;
Their Friends but Strangers ; wealth but want ;
Their Houses, Prison-walls.

3.

Their earnest Cries do pierce the Skies,
And shall I silent be ?
Lord, were I sick, as I am well,
Thou should'st have heard from me.
The Sick have not more Cause to pray,
Than I to praise my King :
Since Nature teaches them to groan,
Let Grace teach me to sing.

4.

I see my Friends, I taste my Meat,
I'm free for mine Employ :
But when I do enjoy my God,
Then I my self enjoy.
Lord, who dost set me on my Feet,
Direct me in thy Ways :
O Crown thy Gift of Health with Grace,
And turn it to thy Praise.

VIII. *A Song of Praise for Family-Prosperity.*

1.

THEY Blessing, Lord, doth multiply
One *Jacob* to Two Bands,
One Person to a Family,
Which thro' thy Blessing stands.

On all my Flocks both great and small
 Thy Sun doth sweetly shine ;
 Thy fruitful Drops do gently fall
 On every Branch of mine.

2.

Thy Blessing made the Loaves to grow,
 And Multitudes were fed ;
 My House is fill'd and feasted too,
 It is an House of Bread.
 How can I hear my Children sing,
 And not sing unto thee ?
 Since they glad News from Heav'n do bring,
 My God must hear from me.

3.

Mine Olive-Branches and my Vine
 Thrive by my Table's side,
 Whilst others wither and decline,
 Who in Death's Shade abide.
 With Cov'nant-Blood my Posts are Red,
 'Tis on my Lintle found ;
 And Lo ! The Line of Scarlet Thread
 Is on my Window bound.

4.

'Tis not, my God, my self alone,
 But mine, to thee I owe ;
 Thou mad'st me many out of one,
 So let thy Praises grow.
 Whatever, Lord, is done to thine,
 Thou count'st it done to thee :
 And whatsoever's done to mine,
 I count it done to me.

5.

Let me be ever good to thine,
Who art so good to me !
Let thine be mine, and mine be thine,
And they twice mine shall be :
Then shall my House a Temple be,
Then I and mine shall sing
Hosanna's to thy Majesty,
And praise our Heavenly King.

IX. *A Song of Praise for good Success in honest
Affairs.*

1.

IS not the Hand of God in this ?
Is not this End divine ?
Lord of Success, Thee will I bless,
Who on my Paths do'st shine.
I reap the Fruit of God Divine,
By him it was foreseen ;
He thought of this as well as I,
Or it had never been.

2.

I blindly guess'd, but he foreknew ;
I wish'd, he did command ;
Wherefore I praise his careful Eye,
And his unerring Hand.
The Bow is drawn by feeble Arms,
Aim taken in the Dark,
A providential Hand doth guide
The Arrow to the Mark.

3.

Except the Lord the City keep,
 The Watchman will be slain ;
 Except the Lord do build the House,
 The Builder builds in vain.
 Buildings are *Babels*, Cities Heaps,
 When thou send'st Curse or Flame :
 And lab'ring Heads that promise Fruit,
 Oft bring forth Wind and Shame.

4.

But thou hast Crown'd my Actions, Lord,
 With good Success to Day ;
 This Crown, together with my self,
 At thy blest Feet I lay.
 Lord, who art pleas'd to prosper me,
 To bless me in my Ways ;
 Prosper my weak endeavouring Heart,
 Which aimeth at thy Praise.

X. *Song of Praise for the Morning.*

1.

MY God was with me all this Night,
 And gave me sweet Repose ;
 My God did watch, even whilst I slept,
 Or I had never rose.
 How many groan'd and wish'd for Sleep,
 Until they wish'd for Day ;
 Meas'ring slow Hours with their quick Pains,
 Whilst I securely lay !

2.

Whilst I did sleep, all Dangers slept,
No Thieves did me affright ;
Those Ev'ning Wolves, those Beasts of Prey,
Disturbers of the Night.
No raging Flames nor Storms did rend
The House that I was in ;
I heard no dreadful Cries without,
No doleful Groans within.

3.

What Terrors have I 'scap'd this Night,
Which have on others fell !
My Body might have slept its last,
My Soul have wak'd in Hell.
Sweet Rest hath gain'd that Strength to me
Which Labour did devour :
My Body was in Weakness sown,
But it is rais'd in Power.

4.

Lord, for the Mercies of the Night
My humble Thanks I pay ;
And unto Thee I dedicate
The First-fruits of the Day.
Let this Day praise Thee, O my God,
And so let all my Days :
And O let mine Eternal Day
Be thine Eternal Praise.

XI. *A Song of Praise for the Evening.*

1.

NOW from the Altar of my Heart
Let Incense-Flames arise ;

Assist me, Lord, to offer up
 Mine Evening Sacrifice.
 Awake, my Love ; Awake, my Joy ;
 Awake, my Heart and Tongue :
 Sleep not : when Mercies loudly call,
 Break forth into a Song.

2.

Man's Life's a Book of History,
 The Leaves thereof are Days,
 The Letters Mercies closely join'd,
 The Title is thy Praise.
 This Day God was my Sun and Shield,
 My Keeper and my Guide ;
 His Care was on my Frailty shewn,
 His Mercies multiply'd.

3.

Minutes and Mercies multiply'd,
 Have made up all this Day :
 Minutes came quick, but Mercies were
 More fleet and free than they.
 New Time, new Favour, and new Joys,
 Do a new Song require :
 Till I shall praise Thee as I would,
 Accept my Heart's desire.

4.

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
 New Time upon my Score ;
 Then shall I praise for all my Time,
 When Time shall be no more.

XII. *A Song of Praise for the Birth of Christ.*

1.

AWAY, dark Thoughts ; awake, my Joy ;
Awake, my Glory, sing,
Sing Songs to Celebrate the Birth
Of *Jacob's* God and King.
O happy Night that brought forth Light,
Which makes the Blind to see !
The Day-spring from on High came down
To Cheer and Visit Thee.

2.

The wakeful Shepherds, near their Flocks,
Were watchful for the Morn ;
But better News from Heav'n was brought,
Your Saviour Christ is Born.
In *Bethlem-Town* the Infant lies,
Within a Place obscure ;
O Little *Bethlem*, poor in Walls,
But rich in Furniture !

3.

Since Heaven is now come down to Earth,
Hither the Angels fly !
Hark how the Heav'nly Choir doth Sing,
Glory to God on High !
The News is spread, the Church is glad,
Simeon o'ercome with Joy,
Sings with the Infant in his Arms,
Now let thy Servant die.

4.

Wise Men from far beheld the Star,
 Which was their faithful Guide,
 Until it pointed forth the Babe,
 And Him they glorified.
 Do Heaven and Earth rejoice and sing,
 Shall we our Christ deny ?
 He's born for us, and we for Him ;
Glory to God on High.

XIII. *A Song of Praise for Christ.*

1.

I'VE found the Pearl of greatest Price,
 My Heart doth sing for Joy ;
 And sing I must ; a Christ I have ;
 O what a Christ have I ?
 Christ is the Way, the Truth and Life,
 The Way to God and Glory,
 Life to the Dead, the Truth of Types,
 The Truth of Ancient Story.

2.

Christ is a Prophet, Priest and King ;
 A Prophet full of Light,
 A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Man,
 A King that Rules with Might.
 Christ's Manhood is a Temple, where,
 The Altar, God doth Rest :
 My Christ, he is the Sacrifice ;
 My Christ, he is the Priest.

3.

My Christ, he is the Lord of Lords,
 He is the King of Kings ;

He is the Son of Righteousness,
With Healing in his Wings.
My Christ, he is the Tree of Life
Which in God's Garden grows,
Whose Fruit does feed, whose Leaves do heal ;
My Christ is *Sharon's* Rose.

4.

Christ is my Meat, Christ is my Drink,
My Physick and my Health,
My Peace, my Strength, my Joy, my Crown,
My Glory, and my Wealth.
Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love,
My Head, my Hope, my Counsellor,
My Advocate above.

5.

My Christ, he is the Heaven of Heaven ;
My Christ what shall I call ?
My Christ is First, my Christ is Last,
My Christ is All in All.

XIV. *A Song of Praise for Redemption.*

1.

O THAT I had an Angel's Tongue,
That I might loudly sing,
The Wonders of Redeeming Love,
To Thee, my God and King !
But Man, who at the Gates of Hell
Did Pale and Speechless lie,
Must find a Tongue, and Time to speak,
Or else the Stones will cry.

2.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
 Their Thankful Voices raise :
 Can we be dumb whilst Angels sing
 Our great Redeemer's Praise ?
 Come let us join with Angels then,
Glory to God on High ;
Peace upon Earth, Good-Will to Men,
 Amen, Amen, say I.

3.

Poor *Adam's* Race was Satan's Prey,
 And Dust the Serpent's Food :
 We that were doom'd to be devour'd,
 Naked and Trembling stood :
 A Wise Eternal Pity then
 Did helpless Men befriend ;
 Our Help did in God's Bosom lie,
 And thence it did ascend.

4.

Love cloathed with Humility,
 Built here an House of Clay,
 In which it dwelt, and rescu'd Man ;
 The Dévil lost his Prey.
 The spiteful Serpent bruis'd Christ's Heel,
 But then Christ brake his Head,
 And left him nail'd upon the Cross,
 On which his Blood was shed.

5.

Sing and Triumph in boundless Grace,
 Which thus hath set thee free ;
 Extol with shouts, my saved Soul,
 Thy Saviour's Love to thee.

Give endless Thanks to God, and say,
What Love was this in Thee,
That thou hast not withheld thy Son,
Thine only Son from me !

6.

What were Ten Thousand Worlds to him,
Thine Image and Delight ?
Had we been all cast down to Hell,
Justice had had its Right.
Thy Glory might have been restrain'd,
Our Torments should express
Thy Pureness, Justice, Might, and Truth,
And Everlastingness.

7.

Thus, Lord, thy dreadful Attributes
Man might have serv'd to prove ;
Thy Glorious Angels would have sung
The Riches of thy Love.
Would'st thou have active Worshippers,
Besides the Angels Choir ?
Millions had issu'd at thy Word,
As Sparks arise from Fire.

8.

Man's Room had quickly been supply'd,
For, Lord, at thy Command,
A New Creation should appear,
Thy Grace would make them stand.
Or, would'st thou shew thy Pity, Lord ?
Thou might'st have looked then
On Fallen Angels, Fallen Stars,
And not on Fallen Men.

9.

But Fallen Angels must be left,
 And Fallen Men must rise :
 For this the Son of God must fall
 A Bloody Sacrifice.
 Thy Deep and Glorious Counsels, Lord,
 With Trembling I adore :
 Blessed, thrice blessed be my God,
 Blessed for evermore.

XV. *A Song of Praise for the Gospel.*

1.

BLEST be my God, that I was born
 To hear the Joyful Sound ;
 That I was born to be Baptiz'd,
 And bred on Holy Ground ;
 That I was bred where God appears,
 In Tokens of his Grace :
 The Lines are fallen unto me
 In a most pleasant Place.

2.

I might have been a Pagan bred,
 Or else a Veiled *Jew*,
 Or cheated with an *Alcoran*
 Among the *Turkish* Crew.
 Dumb Pictures might have been my Books,
 Dark Language my Devotion ;
 And so I might with blinded Eyes
 Have drunk a deadly Portion.

3.

So in a Dungeon dark as Night,
 I might have spent my Days :

But thou hast sent me Gospel Light,
To thine Eternal Praise.
The Sun which rose up in the East,
And drove their Shades away,
His Healing Wings have reach'd the West,
And turn'd our Night to Day.

4

England at first an *Egypt* was ;
Since that, proud *Babel's* slave ;
At last a *Canaan* it became,
And then my Birth it gave.
Blest be my God, that I have slept
The dismal Night away,
Being kept in Providence's Womb,
To *England's* brightest Day.

5

Blest be my God for what I see,
My God for what I hear :
I hear such blessed News from Heaven,
Nor Earth nor Hell I fear.
I hear, my Lord for me was Born,
My Lord for me did Die ;
My Lord for me did rise again,
And did ascend on High.

6

On High he stands to plead my Cause,
And will return again,
And set me on a Glorious Throne,
That I with Him may reign.
Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son,
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
Glory to God alone.

XVI. *A Song of Praise for a Gospel
Ministry.*

1.

FAIR are the Feet which bring the News
 Of Gladness unto me :
 What Happy Messengers are these
 Which my bless'd Eyes do see !
 These are the Stars which God appoints
 For Guides unto my Way,
 To lead me unto *Bethlem*-Town,
 Where my dear Saviour lay.

2.

These are my God's Ambassadors,
 By whom his Mind I know ;
 God's Angels in his lower Heav'n,
 God's Trumpeters below.
 The Trumpet sounds, the Dead arise,
 Which fell by *Adam's* Hand.
 Again the Trumpet sounds, and they
 Set forth for *Canaan's* Land.

3.

Thy Servants speak ; but thou, Lord, dost
 An hearing Ear bestow :
 They smite the Rock ; but thou, my God,
 Dost make the Waters flow :
 They shoot the Arrow ; but thy Hand
 Doth drive the Arrow home :
 They call ; but, Lord, thou dost compel,
 And then thy Guests are come.

4.

Angels that fly, and Worms that creep,
Are both alike to Thee ;
If thou mak'st Worms thine Angels, Lord,
They bring my God to me.
As Sons of Thunder, first they come,
And I the Lightning fear ;
But then they bring me to my Home,
And Sons of Comfort are.

5.

Lord, thou art in them of a Truth,
That I might never stray ;
The Clouds and Pillars march before,
And shew me *Canaan's* Way.
I bless my God, who is my Guide ;
I sing in *Sion's* Ways :
When shall I sing on *Sion's* Hill
Thine Everlasting Praise ?

XVII. *A Song of Praise for Holy Baptism.*

1.

LORD, what is Man, that Lump of Sin,
Made up of Earth and Hell ;
Not fit to come within the Camp
Where Holy Angels dwell ?
Man is a Leper from the Womb,
An *Ethiopian* born ;*
A Traitor's guilty Son and Heir,
Worthy of Pain and Scorn.

2.

And dost thou look on such a one ?
Are not thine Eyes most pure ?

But they are Eyes of Pity too,
 Where Griefs do beg a Cure.
 This Leper is a loathsome Sight;
 But Pity casts an Eye,
 And bids him wash in *Jordan's* Streams
 To cure his Leprosy.

3.

The *Ethiopian's* Skin is chang'd,
 And made as white as Snow,
 When dipt in wonder-working Streams,
 Which from Christ's Sides do flow.
 As *Adam* slept and from his Side
 A killing *Eve* arose;
 From my pierc'd Lord (that smitten Rock)
 A pure Life Fountain flows.

4.

Ah, what a tainted Wretch is Man!
 And so he must have stood:
 But lo! an Act of Sov'reign Grace
 Restores him to his Blood.
 Save me, my God, for I am thine:
 Lord, own thy Seal to me:
 O wash my Soul 'till it be cleans'd,
 And purify'd for Thee.

5.

Blest above Streams is *Jordan's* Flood,
 Which toucheth *Canaan's* Shore;
 I'll sing thy Praise in *Jordan's* Streams
 In *Canaan* evermore.

XVIII. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's Supper.*

1.

O Praise the Lord! Praise him, praise him,
Sing Praises to his Name:
O, all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth,
Extol and laud the same.
Who spared not his only Son,
But gave him up for all;
And made him drink the Cup of Wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.

2.

Frail Nature shrunk, and did request
That bitter Cup might pass;
But he must drink it off; and this
The Father's Pleasure was.
Lo, then I come to do thy Will,
His blessed Son reply'd;
Yielding himself to God and Man,
He stretch'd his Arms and dy'd.

3.

He dy'd indeed, but rose again,
And did ascend on High,
That we poor Sinners, Lost and Dead,
Might live Eternally.
Good Lord! How many Souls in Hell
Doth Vengeance vex and tear?
Were it not for a Dying Christ,
Our dwelling had been there.

4.

His Blood was shed instead of ours,
His Soul our Hell did bear:

He took our Sin, gave us himself:
 What an Exchange is here!
 Whatever is not Hell it self,
 For us it is too good:
 But must we eat the Flesh of Christ?
 And must we drink his Blood?

5.

His Flesh is Heavenly Food indeed,
 His Blood is Drink Divine;
 His Graces drop, like Honey falls,
 His Comforts taste like Wine.
 Sweet Christ! Thou hast refresh'd our Souls
 With thine abundant Grace;
 For which we magnify thy Name,
 Longing to see thy Face.

6.

When shall our Souls mount up to Thee,
 Most Holy, Just and True;
 To eat that Bread, and drink that Wine,
 Which is for ever New?

XIX. *A Song of Praise for the Lord's Day.*

1.

MY Lord, my Love was Crucified,
 He all the Pains did bear;
 But in the Sweetness of his Rest
 He makes his Servants share.
 How sweetly rest thy Saints above,
 Which in thy Bosom lie;
 The Church below doth rest in Hope,
 Of that Felicity.



2.

Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st thy Sheep,
Mak'st them a Weekly Feast :
Thy Flocks meet in their several Folds
Upon this Day of Rest.
Welcome and dear unto my Soul
Are these sweet Feasts of Love ;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above !

3.

I bless thy Wise and Wondrous Love,
Which binds us to be free ;
Which makes us leave our Earthly Snares,
That we may come to Thee.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray :
Thy Footsteps, Lord, I trace :
I sing to think this is the Way
Unto my Saviour's Face.

4.

These are my Preparation-Days :
And when my Soul is drest,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me,
To mine Eternal Rest.

XX. *Another.*

1.

BLEST Day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of Days :
The Lab'rour's Rest, the Saint's delight,
A Day of Mirth and Praise :
My Saviour's Face did make thee shine,
His Rising did thee raise :

This made thee Heavenly and Divine
Beyond the common Days.

2.

The First-Fruits do a Blessing prove
To all the Sheaves behind ;
And they that do a Sabbath love,
An happy Week shall find :
My Lord on thee his Name did fix,
Which makes thee Rich and Gay ;
Amid'st his Golden Candlesticks
My Saviour walks this Day.

3.

He walks in 's Robes, his Face shines bright,
The Stars are in his Hand ;
Out of his Mouth, that Place of Might,
A two edg'd Sword doth stand.
Grac'd with our Lord's Appearance thus,
As well as with his Name,
Thou may'st demand respect from us
Upon a double Claim.

4.

This Day God doth his Vessels broach,
His Conduits run with Wine :
He that loves not this Day's Approach,
Scorns Heaven, and Saviour's shine.
What Slaves are those who Slav'ry choose,
And Garlick for their Feast ;
Whilst Milk and Honey they refuse,
And the Almighty's rest ?

5.

This Market-Day doth Saints enrich,
And smiles upon them all ;



It is their *Pentecost*, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall.
O Day of Wonders ! Mercies Pawn,
The weary Soul's Recruit,
The Christian's *Goshen*, Heaven's Dawn,
The Bud of endless Fruit.

6.

Oh could I love as I have lov'd
Thy Watches heretofore :
As *England's* Glory thou hast prov'd ;
May'st thou be so yet more.
This Day must I for God appear ;
For, Lord, the Day is thine :
O let me spend it in thy Fear !
Then shall the Day be mine.

7.

Throughout the Day, cease Work and Play,
That I to God may rest :
Now let me Talk with God, and Walk
With God, and I am blest.

XXI. *A Song of Praise for the Patience of God.*

1.

ALMIGHTY GOD, how hast thou born
Wrongs not to be exprest ;
Daring Rebellion, injur'd Love,
Light quenched in my Breast !
Man would be God, and down he fell,
To teach him better Skill ;
Yet he lifts up his bruised Bones
Against his Maker still.

2.

Lord, what a Monster is base Man,
 Thus given to rebel !
 O, that thou dost not cleave the Earth,
 And send him quick to Hell.
 His Sins for Wages loudly cry,
 Justice, with dreadful Sound,
 Cries too, Cut down this fruitless Tree,
 Why cumbers it the Ground ?

3.


But God waves his Advantages
 Of Right and Vengeance too ;
 And by his single Patience
 Doth daring Men out do.
 The Creature doth disdain his God,
 By whom he is maintain'd ;
 Yet God maintains this Rebel-Worm,
 By whom he is disdain'd.

4.

Fool, ask not where th' Almighty is,
 All Glory to him give ;
 Is not his Power fully prov'd
 In suff'ring thee to live ?
 Was he not God, he could not bear
 Such Weights as on him lie ;
 Weak things are quickly set on Fire,
 And to their Weapons fly.

5.

Why should not Patience make me sing,
 When Hell would make me roar ?
 Lord, let thy Patience end in Love,
 I'll sing for evermore.



XXII. *A Song of Praise for Pardon of Sin.*

1.

MY God a God of Pardon is,
His Bosom gives me Ease:
I have not, do not please my God;
Yet Mercy him doth please.
My Sins aloud for Vengeance call;
But lo! a Fountain springs
From Christ's pierc'd Side, which louder cries,
And speaketh better things.

2.

My Sins have reach'd up to the Heav'ns;
But Mercy's Height exceeds:
God's Mercy is above the Heav'ns,
Above my sinful Deeds:
My Sins are many, like the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore:
But yet the Mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

3.

My Sins in Bigness do arise
Like Mountains great and tall;
But Mercy, like a mighty Sea,
Covers these Mountains all.
This is a Sea that's bottomless,
A Sea without a Shore:
For where Sin hath abounded much,
Mercy abounds much more.

4.

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalen,
Were pardon'd all by Thee:

I read it, and believe it, Lord ;
 For thou hast pardon'd me.
 When God shall search the World for Sin,
 What Trembling will be there ?
 O Rocks and Mountains, cover us,
 Will be the Sinner's Prayer.

5.

But the Lamb's Wrath they need not fear,
 Who once have felt his Love :
 And they that walk with God below,
 Shall dwell with God above.
 Rage Earth and Hell ; come Life, come Death,
 Yet still my Song shall be,
 God was, and is, and will be good,
 And merciful to me.

XXIII. *A Song of Praise for Peace of Conscience.*

1.

MY God, my reconciled God,
 Creator of my Peace ;
 Thee will I love, and praise, and sing,
 Till Life and Breath shall cease.
 My Thoughts did rage, my Soul was tost,
 'Twas like a troubled Sea :
 But what a mighty Voice is this,
 Which Winds and Waves obey !

2.

God spake the Word, *Peace and be still* ;
 My Sins, those Mutineers,
 With speed went off, and took their Flight :
 Where now are all my Fears ?

The World can neither give nor take,
Nor yet can understand
That Peace of God, which Christ hath brought,
And gives me with his Hand.

3.

This is my Saviour's Legacy,
Confirm'd by his Decease :
Ye shall have Trouble in the World,
In me ye shall have Peace ;
And so it is, the World doth rage,
But Peace in me doth reign :
And whilst my God maintains the Fort,
Their Batt'ries are in vain.

4.

The burning Bush was not consum'd,
Whilst God remained there :
The Three, when Christ did make the Fourth,
Found Fire as meek as Air.
So is my Mem'ry stuff'd with Sins
Enough to make an Hell ;
And yet my Conscience is not scorch'd,
For God in me doth dwell.

5.

Where God doth dwell, sure Heaven is there,
And Singing there must be :
Since, Lord, thy Presence makes my Heaven,
Whom should I sing but Thee ?
My God, my reconciled God,
Creator of my Peace ;
Thee will I Love, and Praise, and Sing,
'Till Life and Breath shall cease.

XXIV. *A Song of Praise for Joy in the Holy Ghost.*

1.

MY Soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My Spirit doth rejoice
 In God my Saviour, and my God ;
 I hear his joyful Voice.
 I need not go abroad for Joy,
 Who have a Feast at Home ;
 My Sighs are turned into Songs,
 The Comforter is come.

2.

Down from above the Blessed Dove
 Is come into my Breast,
 To witness God's Eternal Love ;
 This is my Heavenly Feast.
 This makes me *Abba Father* cry,
 With Confidence of Soul ;
 It makes me cry, My Lord, my God,
 And that without Controul.

3.

There is a Stream which issues forth
 From God's Eternal Throne,
 And from the Lamb a living Stream,
 Clear as the Crystal Stone.
 The Stream doth water Paradise,
 It makes the Angels sing :
 One Cordial Drop revives my Heart,
 Hence all my Joys do spring.

4.

Such Joys as are unspeakable,
 And full of Glory too ;

Such hidden *Manna*, hidden Pearls,
As Worldlings do not know.
Eye hath not seen, nor Ear hath heard,
From Fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou, Lord, hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

5.

I see thy Face, I hear thy Voice,
I taste thy sweetest Love ;
My Soul doth leap : But, O for Wings,
The Wings of *Noah's Dove* !
Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this World of Sin :
Then should my Lord put forth his Hand,
And kindly take me in.

6.

Then should my Soul with Angels feast
On Joys that always last :
Blest be my God, the God of Joy,
Who gives me here a Taste.

XXV. *A Song of Praise for Grace.*

1.

O GOD of Grace, who hast restor'd
Thine Image unto me,
Which by my Sins was quite defac'd ;
What shall I render Thee ?
Thine Image and Inscription, Lord,
Upon my Heart I bear :
Thine own I render unto Thee,
O God, my God most dear.

2.

My self I owe thee for my self,
 Whom thou didst make of Earth ;
 But thou hast made me o'er again,
 Thou gav'st a second Birth.
 Twice born, and twice endu'd with Life,
 I haste to come to thee,
 To pay my Vows, my Thanks, my Heart,
 With all Humility.

3.

O, was I born first from Beneath !
 And then born from above !
 Am I Child of Man and God ?
 O Rich and Endless Love !
 When I had broke the Tables, Lord,
 New Tables thou didst hew ;
 And with thy Finger didst engrave
 Thy Laws on them anew.

4.

Earth is my Mother, Earth my Nurse,
 And Earth must be my Tomb :
 Yet God, the God of Heaven and Earth,
 My Father is become.
 Hell enter'd me, and into Hell
 I quickly should have run :
 But O ! Kind Heav'n laid hold on me ;
 Heav'n is in me begun.

5.

This Spark will rise into a Flame,
 This Seed into a Tree ;
 My Songs shall rise, my Praises shall
 Loud Hallelujahs be.

XXVI. *A Song of Praise for Answer of Prayer.*

1.

WHAT are the Heav'ns, O God of Heav'n!
Thou art more bright, more high:
What are bright Stars, and brighter Saints,
To thy bright Majesty!
Thou'rt far above the Songs of Heaven,
Sung by thy Holy Ones;
And dost thou stoop and bow thine Ear
To a poor Sinner's Groans?

2.

God minds the Language of my Heart,
My Groans and Sighs he hears:
He hath a Book for my Request,
A Bottle for my Tears.
But did not my dear Saviour's Blood
First wash away their Guilt;
My Sighs would prove but empty Air,
My Tears would all be spilt.

3.

Lord, thine Eternal Spirit was
My Advocate within:
But O, my Smoke join'd with thy Flame,
My Pray'r was mixt with Sin.
But then Christ was my Altar, and
My Advocate above;
His Blood did clear my Pray'r, and gain'd
An Answer full of Love.

4,

It could not be that thou should'st hear
A Mortal sinful Worm;

But that my Prayers presented are
 In a most glorious Form.
 Christ's precious Hands took my Requests,
 And turn'd my Dross to Gold ;
 His Blood put Warmth into my Prayers,
 Which were by Nature cold.

5.

Thou heard'st my Groans for Jesus Sake,
 Whom thou dost hear always ;
 Lord, hear through that prevailing Name,
 My Voice of Joy and Praise.

XXVII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from
 Enemies.*

1.

GREAT God, who does the World command,
 Thou check'st both Wind and Waves :
 The Devils, which like Lions roar,
 Are thine enchanted Slaves.
 The Sons of Rage are smoking Brands,
 And Idols fear'd in vain :
 Thou, Lord, the only, only God,
 Their Fury dost restrain.

2.

Thou, Lord, didst smooth fierce *Esau's* Brow,
 And change his murm'ring Breath :
 Thou gav'st to him a Brother's Heart,
 Who vow'd his Brother's Death.
 Angels have arm'd at thy Command,
 And Stars have shot their Dart ;
 Nature hath fought, and Miracles
 Have took thy Church's part.

3.

Thee, Lord, who still thy Church dost love,
All Creatures must obey:
And when for thine thou dost arise,
Their Enemies, where are they?
I cry'd to Heaven in my Distress,
I to my God did flee;
He with Compassion heard my Cry,
He did arise for me.

4.

With humble Fear, and thankful Joy,
Lord, at thy Feet I fall,
Unfeignedly acknowledging,
That Thou alone dost all.
Thou art all Pow'r, thou art all Love,
And so thou art to me:
Blest be my God, now and henceforth,
And to Eternity.

XXIII. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from
Spiritual Troubles.*

1.

I That am drawn out of the Depth,
Will sing upon the Shore:
I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,
Pure Mercy will adore.
The Terrors of the Living God
My Soul did so affright;
I fear lest I should be condemn'd
To an Eternal Night.

2.

Kind was the Pity of my Friends,
But could not ease my Smart:

Their Words indeed, did reach my Case,
 But could not reach my Heart.
 Ah, then what was this World to me,
 To whom God's Word was dark,
 Who in my Dungeon could not see
 One Beam or shining Spark !

3.

What then were all the Creatures' Smiles,
 When the Creator frown'd ?
 My Days were Nights, my Life was Death,
 My Being was my Wound.
 Tortur'd and Rack'd with Hellish Fears,
 When God the Blow should give ;
 My Eyes did fail, my Heart did sink,
 Then Mercy bid me live.

4.

God's Furnace doth in *Sion* stand ;
 But *Sion's* God sits by ;
 As the Refiner views his Gold
 With an observant Eye,
 God's Thoughts are high, his Love is wise,
 His Wounds a Cure intend :
 And tho' he doth not always smile,
 He loves unto the End.

5.

Thy Love is constant to its Line,
 Tho' Clouds oft come between :
 O, could my Faith but pierce these Clouds,
 It might be always seen.
 But I am weak, and forc'd to cry,
 Take up my Soul to Thee :
 Then, as thou ever art the same,
 So shall I ever be.

6.

Then shall I ever, ever sing,
Whilst thou dost ever shine :
I have thine own dear Pledge for this ;
Lord, thou art ever mine.

XXIX. *A Song of Praise for Deliverance from
Imminent Dangers of Death.*

1.

LORD of my Life, Length of my Days,
Thy Hand hath rescu'd me ;
Who lying at the Gates of Death
Among the Dead was free.
My dearest Friends I had resign'd
Unto their Maker's Care :
Methought I only time had left
For a concluding Prayer.

2.

Methought Death laid his Hands on me,
And did his Pris'ner bind ;
And by the Sound, methought I heard
His Master's Feet behind.
Methought I stood upon the Shore,
And nothing could I see,
But the vast Ocean, with my Eyes,
A vast Eternity.

3.

Methought I heard the Midnight Cry,
Behold the Bridegroom comes :
Methought I was call'd to the Bar,
Where Souls receive their Dooms.
The World was at an End to me,
As if it all did burn :

But lo ! There came a Voice from Heav'n,
Which order'd my Return.

4.

Lord, I return'd at thy Command,
What wilt thou have me do ?
O let me wholly live to Thee,
To whom my Life I owe !
Fain would I dedicate to Thee
The Remnant of my Days.
Lord, with my Life renew my Heart,
That both thy Name may praise.

XXX. *A Song of Praise for the Hope of Glory.*

1.

I SOJOURN in a Vale of Tears,
Alas, how can I sing !
My Harp doth on the Willows hang,
Dis-tun'd in every String.
My Music is a Captive's Chains,
Harsh Sounds my Ears do fill ;
How shall I sing sweet *Sion's* Song
On this side *Sion's* Hill ?

2.

Yet lo ! I hear a joyful Sound,
Surely I quickly come ;
Each Word much Sweetness doth distil,
Like a full Honey-Comb.
And dost thou come, my dearest Lord ?
And dost thou surely come ?
And dost thou surely quickly come ?
Methinks I am at home.

3.

Come then, my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest, surest Friend ;
Come ; for I loath these *Kedar* Tents,
The fiery Chariots send.
What have I here ? my Thoughts and Joys
Are all pack'd up and gone ;
My eager Soul would follow them
To thine Eternal Throne.

4.

What have I in this barren Land ?
My Jesus is not here ;
Mine Eyes will ne'er be blest, until
My Jesus doth appear.
My Jesus is gone up to Heaven
To get a Place for me :
For 'tis his Will that where he is,
There should his Servants be.

5.

Canaan I view from *Pisgah's* Top,
Of *Canaan's* Grapes I taste ;
My Lord, who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.
I have a God that changeth not,
Why should I be perplex ?
My God that owns me in this World,
Will own me in the next.

6.

Go fearless then, my Soul, with God
Into another Room :
Thou, who hast walked with him here,
Go see thy God at Home.

View Death with a believing Eye,
It hath an Angel's Face :
And this kind Angel will prefer
Thee to an Angel's Place.

7.

The Grave is but a Fining-Pot
Unto believing Eyes :
For there the Flesh shall lose its Dross,
And like the Sun shall rise.
The World which I have known too well,
Hath mock'd me with its Lies :
How gladly could I leave behind
Its vexing Vanities ?

8.

My dearest Friends they dwell above,
Them will I go to see ;
And all my Friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.
Fear not the Trumps Earth-rending Sound,
Dread not the Day of Doom ;
For he that is to be thy Judge,
Thy Saviour is become.

9.

Blest be my God that gives me Light,
Who in the Dark did grope :
Blest be my God, the God of Love,
Who causeth me to hope.
Here's the Word's Signet, Comfort's Staff,
And here is Grace's Chain :
By these thy Pledges, Lord, I know,
My Hopes are not in vain.

XXXI. *The Sinner's Self-Reflection.*

1.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done ?
What will become of me ?
What shall I say, what shall I do ?
Or whither shall I flee ?
By wand'ring I have lost my self,
And here I make my moan :
O whither, whither have I stray'd,
Ah Lord, what have I done !

2.

Thy Candle searches all my Rooms,
And now I plainly see,
The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell
Are summed up in me,
The Seeds of all the Ills that grow,
Are in my Garden sown,
And Multitudes of them are sprung ;
Ah Lord, what have I done !

3.

I have been Satan's willing Slave,
And his most easy Prey ;
He was not readier to Command,
Than I was to obey :
Or if at times he left my Soul,
Yet still his Work went on,
I was a Tempter to my self ;
Ah Lord, what have I done !

4.

I puffed at all the Threats of Heaven,
 And slighted all its Charms :
 Nor Satan's Fetters would I leave
 For Christ's inviting Arms :
 I had a Soul, but priz'd it not ;
 And now my Soul is gone.
 My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,
 Ah Lord, what have I done !

XXXII. *The Sinner's Remorse, as the
 25th Psalm.*

1.

LORD, thou hast overcome,
 I've got my deadly Wound,
 And he that Kicks against the Pricks,
 Will soon himself confound :
 My Sins, those venomous Darts,
 Which Heaven-wards I did throw,
 Are now my Rack, being driven back
 By mine Almighty Foe.

2.

My Sins have found me out,
 And at my Door they lie ;
 And there they stay both Night and Day,
 And there I hear them cry :
 In vain my Friends attempt
 To cure my Miseries,
 What they propound to me is drown'd
 In Sin's loud roaring Cries.

3.

In vain are all the Tears
 Of them that stand without :

My Dart's within, it is my Sin,
They cannot pull it out.
My Heart is all one Wound,
My Breath repeated Sighs ;
My Bread is Tears, my Life is Fears,
My Language Groans and Cries.

4.

What are Heaven's Lights to him
Who in the Dungeon lies !
Not one thin Ray, or Piece of Day
Does cheer my clouded Eyes :
Sin's Match enkindles Hell,
Sin makes the damned Roar ;
This I have heard without regard,
But never knew before.

XXXIII. *The Sinner's Fears.*

1.

ALAS ! For I have seen the Lord,
With a drawn Sword he stood ;
Now might He sheath it in my Flesh,
And bathe it in my Blood :
I've dar'd him with my mighty Sins,
As if He was too slow ;
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an enraged Foe.

2.

What shall a guilty Sinner do ?
When Justice does appear,
O whither shall I flee from him,
Whose Place is every where ?

As I can neither stand nor fly ;
 So neither can I bear
 The Mighty Hand which grinds the Rocks,
 And doth Foundations tear.

3.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
 Does start at every thing ;
 It hourly fears huge Hosts of Wrath,
 From this incensed King :
 Should He but his Commissions grant,
 All Creatures would engage
 Against me as their common Foe,
 With an united Rage.

4.

I have such Monsters in my Soul,
 As do portend and tell,
 As Devils here with me have dwelt,
 So I with them must dwell :
 They have my wretched Soul possess'd,
 They hold it in their Chains ;
 I fear, lest they should drag it down
 To suffer endless Pains.


5.

My Fears are just ; I've deserv'd Hell,
 And 'tis my proper Hire ;
 But who can dwell, O who can dwell
 With everlasting Fire ?

XXXIV. *The Sinner's Shame and Confusion.*

1.

SO foolish, so absurd am I,
 That nothing can be more ;



Was ever such a Monster seen
Upon the Earth before?
I dare not look upon the Earth,
The Witness of my Sin ;
My Conscience is a Doomsday Book :
I dare not look within.

2.

Upwards I durst not cast mine Eyes ;
For there my Judge doth sit :
Nor downwards, whence the Smoke does rise
From the Infernal Pit :
How shall I answer at the Bar
Of him who is most pure ?
I cannot answer for my-self ;
My-self I can't endure.

3.

And as my-self I can't endure,
My-self I cannot fly ;
Thus Fools do sell themselves for Slaves,
And what a Slave am I !
My Heart the Seat of Folly is,
My Life a Life of Sin ;
Surely, I am more brutish far,
Than ever Brute hath been.

4.

Is this my Wit, is this my Way,
To make a Glorious Name ?
Is this the Thanks I've paid to Heaven ?
Ah what a Beast I am !
The Crown is fallen from my Head,
My Royal Robes are gone ;
Confusion is my only Cloak,
And I must put it on.

5.

And whilst I blush, and whilst I bleed,
 Here will I sit alone ;
 And here I'll lead the Leper's Life,
 And make my doleful Moan.
 I am not worthy of the Earth,
 Not worthy of the Air,
 Not worthy of the watery Drop,
 But of the Damned's Fare.

6.

O, how it kills my Heart to think
 Upon my foolish Ways !
 Yet this I'll bear, and bless the Lord,
 Because Damnation stays.


XXXV. *The Sinner's Amazement ; as the 25th
 Psalm.*

1.

I READ that Sins are Clouds,
 When Vengeance Storms have fell ;
 But this is that I wonder at,
 That I am out of Hell.
 Sure there are those in Hell,
 Who never have deserv'd
 In Hell to lie, so much as I,
 And yet I am preserv'd.

2.

My Sins have proudly scorn'd,
 My Sins have boldly dar'd
 The God of Might, with much despite,
 And yet my Soul is spar'd !



The best and goodliest things
Which did this World adorn,
By Sin are rais'd, and quite defac'd ;
Yet still I am forborn.

3.

At our first Parents' Breach,
Pale Death came rushing in ;
The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell,
Press'd with the Weight of Sin.
The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,
Hell could no longer stay ;
But lo ! There came a Sulph'rous Flame,
And met them by the Way.

4.

When *Corah* did rebel,
Earth would not be his Slave
To bear his Weight, but opens strait,
And was his willing Grave :
When *Israel* did corrupt
The Air with murmuring Breath,
It did rebound, and gave a Wound,
And that was present Death.

5.

The whole Creation groans,
Sin's Wrecks the World do fill ;
It empties Rooms, to furnish Tombs,
Yet I am living still,
On the Lord's Hand I live,
And cannot but Admire,
He does not shake so vile a Snake
Into Eternal Fire.

6.

That Miracles are ceas'd,
 Some confidently tell ;
 But I do know, it is not so
 Whilst I am out of Hell.

XXXVI. *The Sinner's Hope.*

1.


WHO knows but such an one as I,
 May Grace and Mercy find ?
 I hear, the God of *Israel*
 Is Merciful and Kind :
 Had he been pleas'd to torture me
 With everlasting Bands,
 He might have done it long ago,
 Who had me in his Hands.

2.

I do not hear the Trumpet sound
 To call me to his Bar ;
 The Proofs and Patterns of his Grace
 Forbid me to Despair ;
 Despair is such a Sin of Sins
 It cannot be forgiv'n ;
 Whilst other Sins Hell's ways do pave,
 This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

3.

Cease then thy Murmuring, O my Soul,
 And silently attend
 To th' sounding Bowels of a Christ,
 Who is the Sinner's Friend :
 He does not say, Depart from me
 Into Eternal Fire ;



But, Come into my open Breast
Where weary Souls retire.

4.

The trembling Wretch, who touch'd his Hem,
But fear'd an heavy Doom,
Receiv'd a Cure, and Blessing too,
And went rejoicing home:
The Prodigal deserv'd and far'd
Worse than the Swine he fed;
But found a Mirthful Feast at home,
Who only look'd for Bread.

5.

Heav'n look'd upon the *Publican*,
Who was bow'd down with Shame;
Mercy he call'd, which soon appear'd,
And answer'd to its Name.
My Sins are mighty Sins indeed;
But I have understood,
Great Sins are Foils which do inance
The Price of saving Blood.

6.

My Soul has many ghastly Wounds,
Yet will I not despair,
Whilst there is Balm in *Gilead*,
And a Physician there:
That I might March to *Canaan's Land*,
The Silver Trumpet sounds;
My Day still shines, my Tent is fix'd
Within Salvation's Bounds.

7.

The Door is shut, but is not barr'd;
And he that is within,

Does bid me ask, and seek, and knock,
 And strive to enter in.
 Here then I'll ask, and seek, and knock,
 Until the Door be ope;
 Nor will I stir a Foot from hence;
 It is a Door of Hope.

XX XVII. *Psalm LXXXVI.*

PART I.

1.

HEAR, hear me, Lord, for I am Poor,
 And seek Salvation at thy Door;
 Bow down thy gentle Ear to me,
 Who am oppress'd with Misery.

2.


Save me, my God, for I am thine,
 Thy Touch hath made my Heart Divine;
 Save me, my God, to whom I flee,
 Who have none other Gods but thee.

3.

Let Mercy come from God on High,
 The Object of my daily Cry;
 I daily knock, I daily wait,
 For Mercy's Alms, at Mercy's Gate.

4.

God of all Comfort, Give a Dole
 Of Comfort to thy Servant's Soul:
 For this my Soul doth bend her Knee,
 And stretch her craving Hands to thee.



5.

Thou, Lord, art Good, and thou dost stand
With sealed Pardons in thy Hand;
O how the Dews of Mercy fall,
And answer at thy People's Call!

6.

It ne'er was writ, here lieth One,
Dy'd at the Foot of Mercy's Throne;
Lord, hearken to my humble Cries,
And let them sound above the Skies.

PART II.

1.

I HAVE a God, to whom I may
Resort with Freedom any Day;
I'll seek him when I am in Pain,
I'm sure to hear from him again.

2.

And when my Soul shall understand
The Comfort of his Curing Hand,
Then shall I sing, O happy Rod,
That brought me nearer to my God.

3.

What are those Gods whom Folly feigns,
Those Creatures of distemper'd Brains!
What are those Dunghill Gods before
The Mighty God whom I adore!

4.

O King of Nations, Lord of All,
Before thee shall all Nations fall;
And every Language shall confess
Thy glorious Everlastingness!

5.

For thou art Great beyond Compare,
 Thy Works amazing Wonders are ;
 To God alone all Glory be,
 There is none other God but He.

6.

Lord, guide me in thy secret Way,
 With such a Guide I shall not stray ;
 Bring me into an Heavenly Frame,
 Unite my Heart to fear thy Name.

7.

My Lord, my God, my Heart shall Praise
 And glorify thee all my Days ;
 Thy Mercy to me doth excel,
 I am a Brand snatch'd out of Hell.

PART III.

1.

THE Sons of Pride against me rise,
 Fierce Atheists are mine Enemies ;
 They fear not God, they love not me,
 My Comfort is their Misery.

2.

They mark me for their common Foe,
 And jointly Plot my overthrow ;
 But thou, my Lord, doth take my Part,
 Thou, Lord, a God of Bowels art.

3.

Thou art most swift to Acts of Grace,
 But unto Wrath of slowest Pace ;
 Thy Mercy and thy Truth abound,
 This is Faith's everlasting Ground.



4.

Whilst God is Merciful and True,
I am both Safe and Happy too ;
I cannot fall, who lean upon
The Pillars of the highest Throne.

5.

O leave me not, who follow Thee,
Let Mercy look on Misery ;
Save, Lord ; for thee I do adore,
As did my Mother heretofore.

6.

Save, Lord, one Born within thy House,
A Child of Prayers, and Tears, and Vows ;
Mine Eyes expect some happy Sign,
To tell my Soul that thou art mine.

7.

Me with Salvation's Walls enclose,
To the Confusion of my Foes,
That they with blushing may confess,
We cannot Curse whom God doth bless ;

8.

We cannot catch, whom God will have ;
We cannot hurt, whom God will save ;
We cannot touch his smallest Limb ;
We Curse our-selves, in Cursing him.



XXXVIII. *A Song of Praise collected out of the
Book of Psalms.*

1.

- PSAL. **O** PRAISE the Lord, Praise him, Praise
135. 1. Praise him with one accord; [him,
Praise him, praise him, all ye that be
The Servants of the Lord.
47. 6. Sing Praises to our God, sing Praise,
Sing Praises to our King :
Praise to the King of all the Earth
With Understanding sing.

2.

103. 1. My Soul, give Laud unto the Lord,
My Spirit shall do the same ;
And all the secrets of my Heart,
Praise ye his Holy Name.
95. 6. Come, let us bow, and praise the Lord,
Before him let us fall,
And kneel to him with one accord ;
For he hath made us all.

3.

7. He is the Lord, he is our God,
For us he doth provide:
We are his flock, he doth us feed ;
His Sheep, he doth us guide.
118. 21. I will give Thanks unto the Lord,
Because he hath heard me,
And is become most lovingly
A Saviour unto me.

4.

13. The Lord is my Defence and Strength,
My Joy, my Mirth, my Song ;

He is become for me indeed,
A Saviour most strong.
28. Thou art my God: I will confess,
And render Thanks to Thee:
Thou art my God, and I will praise
Thy Mercy towards me.

5.

29. O give ye Thanks unto the Lord,
For gracious is he;
Because his Mercy doth endure
For ever towards me.

XXXIX. *Another.*

1.

PSAL. **T**O render Thanks unto the Lord,
26. 6. How great a Cause have I!
My Voice, my Prayer, and my Complaint,
That heard so willingly.
59. 17. Thou art my Strength, thou hast me stay'd,
O Lord, I sing to Thee:
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,
A loving God to me.

2.

73. 25. What Thing is there that I can wish,
But Thee, in Heaven above?
And in the Earth there nothing is
Like Thee that I can love.
36. 9. For why? The Well of Life so pure,
Doth ever flow from Thee:
And in thy Light we are full sure
The lasting Light to see.

3.

27. 15. My Heart would faint, but that in me
 This hope is fixed fast;
 The Lord God's good Grace shall I see
 In Life that e'er shall last.
48. 13. For this God is our God; our God
 For evermore is He:
 This God of ours, even unto Death
 Our faithful Guide will be.

4.

17. 17. When I awake, I shall behold
 In Righteousness thy Face;
 And I shall be most like to Thee,
 Even filled with thy Grace.
16. 11. Full Joys are in thy Presence, Lord,
 (A sweet and precious Store)
 My God, at thy Right Hand there are
 Pleasures for evermore.

5.

103. 21. Ye Angels which are great in Power,
 Praise ye and bless the Lord;
 Which to obey and do his Will,
 Immediately accord.
22. Ye all his Works in every Place
 Praise ye his Holy Name:
 My Heart, my Mind, and all my Soul,
 For ever praise the same.

XL. *Psalm LI.*, 1.

1.

GOD was, and is, and will be good to me,
 Who was, and is, and evermore shall be;
 Under the Clouds, altho' foul weather rages,
 Faith lifts me up, unto the Rock of Ages.

What ever Storms threaten to overtake me,
I have a God that never will forsake me.
Rage Earth and Hell, yet still my Song shall be,
God was, and is, and will be good to me.

2.

Here's Alterations: Yonder there is none ;
No change befalls God's everlasting Throne,
Changes and Troubles riot here Below,
And so they did five thousand Years ago.
Creatures are Creatures still, and breed Vexation,
But God is Mercy still, and my Salvation.
Rage Earth and Hell, yet still my Song shall be,
God was, and is, and will be good to me.

XLI. *A Song of Praise collected from the Doxologies in the Revelation of St. John.*

1.

REV. **T**O Him that lov'd us from Himself,
1. 5. And dy'd to do us good,
And wash'd us from our Scarlet Sins,
In his own purest Blood,
6. And made us Kings and Priests to God,
His Father infinite ;
To him Eternal Glory be,
And everlasting Might.

2.

5. 12. The Lamb is worthy that was slain,
To have all Power and Wealth :
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,
Thanks for his saving Health.

5. 13. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Power to him,
That on the Throne doth sit,
And to the Lamb for ever, and,
For ever; so be it.

3.

7. 9. Thousands of Thousands of the Saints
Which stand before the King
With shining Robes, and spreading Palms,
Loud *Hallelujahs* sing.
10. Ascribe Salvation to our God
Who sits upon the Throne;
And to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,
Ascribe Salvation.

4.

11. 12. *Amen, Amen*, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his due;
And he through all Eternity
His Praises will renew.
Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power, then
Be to our God for evermore,
For evermore. *Amen.*

End of John Mason's Songs of Praise.

Penitential Cries.

By the REV. THOMAS SHEPHERD, M.A.

I. *The Sinner's Confession.*

1.

WHO, who can number all the Stars,
Number the Sands upon the Shore:
Then may'st thou count the numerous Hosts
That throng my Way to Mercy's Door.
Manasseh's Sins were white to mine,
Mine bear the deepest Crimson Dye;
Sure never any so provok'd
So sweet, so kind a God, as I.

2.

How is it, Lord, thou dost so long
Such Guiltiness as this forbear?
When almost every Thought's a Sin,
My very Breath pollutes the Air.
Sinners may for a Time Rejoice,
'Till threat'ned Storms of Wrath arise;
But challeng'd Justice will awake
Its Sword, and then the Sinner dies.

3.

What Fools are they that entertain
With Scorn the Sounds of Gospel-Grace!
Sorrow and Sin walk in a Chain,
Although they keep not equal Pace:
Approaching Sin is deck't with Charms,
And smiles in Promises of Gain;
No sooner past, our Joys are lost,
All such Delights shut up in Pain.

II. *Another.*

1.

WH^o, who can number all the Stars,
 Or Sands upon the Shore?
 Thy Sins, thy Sins are multitudes,
 My Soul, thy Sins are more.
 Alas! I cannot bear the sight,
 They do like Clouds arise;
 The Sword of Justice will awake;
 For they have reach'd the Skies.

2.

Most stubbornly I have rebell'd,
 And broke thy Law, O God!
 How just it is that such a Wretch
 Should feel thy Flaming Rod!
 I bleed, to think, how I did slight
 Thy Message from above;
 How I despis'd thy Blood, O Christ,
 And thy Redeeming Love!

3.

How oft I did repeat my Sin,
 And ran upon the Score;
 Tho' Conscience loudly did dissuade,
 And bade me Sin no more!
 How is it, Lord, thou dost so long
 This wretched Soul forbear,
 When almost every Thought's a Sin?
 My Breath pollutes thy Air.

4.

Manasseh's Sins were white to mine,
 Mine bear a Crimson Dye:
 Sure never any so provok'd
 The Lord of Hosts, as I.

Ah, how much viler than the Earth,
By Sin am I become !
A Sinner of polluted Birth,
A Sinner in the Womb.

5.

Lord, whither, whither must I range
To count up my Transgressions !
Give me thy Pardon in Exchange ;
Accept of my Confessions.

III. *The Sinner's Retreat.*

1.

FAREWELL, vain World, I bid adieu,
Thou canst not fill, but cloy ;
Thy Throne, O God, does send forth new
And more refined Joy :
Mere Vanity does Man pursue
With Eagerness and Heat ;
The bravest things the World can shew,
Are all a perfect Cheat.

2.

Who gain the Riches of the Earth,
Gain but a finer Dross,
Who gain a World, and lose a Soul,
Sustain the greatest Loss :
The Blast of Honour sounds aloud ;
Yet that's but empty Air,
Which quickly passes thro' the Croud,
And does no more appear.

3.

My Soul, there's nothing here that can
True Blessedness afford ;

Ye painted Shadows, get you gone,
 Ye hold me from my Lord.
 He's bless'd indeed, that loveth God,
 Whose undefiled Mind
 Can scorn such mean, ignoble Joys,
 He better Joys shall find.

4.

O happy they who only love
 Their God, and him admire ;
 That I may taste those Joys that last,
 I'll from the World retire :
 I'll make it my Ambition now
 To be belov'd of God,
 And under his delightful Shade
 Will settle mine abode.

IV. *The Sinner's Resolves.*

1.

THIS empty World has now too long
 Deceived me with lies ;
 I am resolved to be gone ;
 Deluded Soul, arise.
 Go fly to Christ without delay,
 Engage him for thy Friend ;
 Such Men are blessed in their Way,
 And blessed in their End.

2.

What have I more to do with Sin ?
 Ye flattering Sweets, be gone ;
 The Time and Place 'twas acted in
 Are sad to think upon.

My vain Companions I'll forsake,
Them from their Ways withdraw;
I'll read a Lecture that shall make
Those frozen Hearts to thaw.

3.

My Sins will I no more repeat,
Nor finish that begun;
My Summons to the Judgment-Seat
May come before it's done:
I will not with my Finger once
Touch my beloved Sin;
Who knows its latter-End? You know
But where it did begin.

4.

The Snares of Satan lie so low,
And are so smoothly plac't,
I'll softly tread where e'er I go,
And never act in haste:
The Word and Spirit I'll obey,
And think if God say so
It is enough; I'll never stay
To see what others do.

5.

I'll dedicate my self to God,
And his alone will be;
I triumph I am in the Road
To true Felicity.
Lord, all is spread before thy Face,
My Soul resolves upon;
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,
O leave it not alone!

V. *The Sinner's Cry for Pardon.*

1.

MY God he is the God of Grace,
 Who Pardons has in store ;
 Whose boundless Treasures have enrich't
 Whom Sin has first made poor.
 'Tis Mercy's Glory to forgive,
 And not in Wrath destroy ;
 This adds fresh Comforts to the Saints,
 New Triumphs to their Joy.

2.

This will encourage Souls to seek
 To the Redeemer's Face,
 When the *Manassehs* of our Day,
 And *Magdalens* find Grace :
 My Sins are Mountains ; tho' they be,
 These Mountains cannot stand ;
 What are those Mountains to my Christ !
 They fly at thy Command.

3.

Tho' they are high, and numberless,
 I'm in Salvation's Road ;
 They cannot pose the Blood of Christ,
 Which is the Blood of God :
 Where Sin abounds, his Records say,
 Grace has abounded more :
 This has, and shall be still my Plea,
 Whilst thou hast Grace in store.



VI. *Another.*

1.

GREAT God, thou art a God of Grace,
Who Pardons hast in store;
O do not turn away thy Face
From me, tho' I am poor.
I do deserve the hottest Plagues
Of an incensed God;
To drink the Vials of his Wrath,
To feel the damned's Rod.

2.

But turn away thy Wrath from me,
Now turning at thy Call;
O why should'st thou exalt thyself
In thy poor Creatures' Fall?
I might be cast into thy Jail,
There lie for evermore;
But, Lord, thy Patience did give Bail,
Thy Christ did pay the Score.

3.

*[Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the total Sum;
For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.]*
Lord, if thou wilt my Sins forgive,
Wilt not in Wrath destroy,
'Twill add new Comforts to thy Saints,
Fresh Triumphs to their Joy.

4.

This will encourage Sinners, Lord,
To turn and seek thy Face,
When they shall hear the worst of them
Has now obtain'd thy Grace:

E

My Sins are Mountains, tho' they be,
 These Mountains cannot stand;
 What are those Mountains to my Christ?
 They fly at thy Command.

5.

My Sins indeed are numberless ;
 Are not thy mercies so ?
 This did thy pardon'd ones profess,
 They bade me to thee go.
 Tho' they be numerous and great,
 I'm in Salvation's Road ;
 They cannot pass the Blood of Christ,
 Which is the Blood of God.

6.

Where Sin abounds, thy Word does say,
 Grace has abounded more ;
 This is, and shall be still my Plea,
 Whilst thou hast Grace in store ;
 [*Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,*
This is the total Sum ;
For Mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.]

VII. *The Sinner's Address to Christ.*

1.

WHERE lies a Sin I'll drop a Tear ;
 But views of saving Blood
 Can only calm the Tempest here,
 And do my Conscience good :
 'Tis thou alone, my Lord, can'st give
 This aching Heart relief ;
 Christ's gentle Voice would make it live,
 His Hand wipe off my Grief.

2.

Those falsely call'd the Sweets of Sin,
Are bitter unto me ;
I loathe the State that I am in,
And long to come to Thee :
But oh ! Wilt thou receive him now,
That's coming to thy Door ?
For I can bring no Dowry Lord,
I come extremely poor.

3.

What if my Tears could make a Flood ?
My Righteousness is Dross ;
These Tears need washing in thy Blood,
Tho' wept upon thy Cross.
I have an Argument to plead,
Which thou canst not deny ;
Thy Grace is free, and thou dost give
To Sinners, such as I.

4.

Thou dost invite all wand'ring Souls,
And I am one of those :
With thee the Sick do find a Cure,
The Weary find Repose :
The World and Sin will ever vex,
Will trouble and molest ;
But, I will trust my Soul with Christ,
To bring to Heaven's Rest.

VIII. *The Sinner's Reception.*

1.

WHILST others, costly Offerings bring
Unto my Lord most dear,

To him a Song of Praise I'll sing,
 And Sacrifice a Tear :
 This is my choicest Gift ; I have
 No better to impart ;
 When thou receiv'dst me first, then I
 Did offer up mine Heart.

2.

I am the Prodigal return'd,
 And met upon a Plain,
 And thou the loving Father, who
 Invis't me home again :
 Thou didst invite and bring me home,
 My Study now shall be,
 To furnish and prepare a Room,
 Where Christ may dwell with me.

3.

O cleanse my Soul, and make it white,
 Adorn it with thy Grace :
 To dwell with me do thou delight,
 And never hide thy Face :
 Who can but love so dear a Lord ?
 I'll make a daily Feast ;
 The daily Exercise of Grace
 Shall entertain my Christ.

4.

I love thee, Lord ; and thou dost know,
 How I adore thy Name ;
 Surely, my God, I would do so,
 Would wear a loving Frame :
 With Thankfulness I will record
 Thy Kindness all my Days,
 I'll live upon, and to the Lord,
 And breathe a constant Praise.

IX. *The Sinner's Admiration of Divine Mercy ;
as the 148th Psalm.*

1.

WHAT Line can fathom, Lord,
Thy rich and wondrous Grace?
Your praising Songs Record,
Ye Saints, in every Place.
Bless God, my Soul, even unto Death,
And write a Song, for every Breath.

2.

Hell was my proper Hire,
Who long was Satan's Slave,
Fit Fuel for the Fire ;
But God delights to save.
Bless God, my Soul, even unto Death,
And write a Song, for every Breath.

3.

Vile Prodigals may not
Acceptance with thee fear ;
No Sigh was e'er forgot,
God bottles every Tear.
Bless God, my Soul, even unto Death,
And write a Song for every Breath.

4.

My Sins are very high,
I, sinking down to Hell,
Free Mercy then drew nigh
And caught me as I fell.
Bless God, my Soul, even unto Death,
And write a Song for every Breath.

5.

Cherubs cannot express
 Such Love, which ne'er decays ;
 What can my Soul do less,
 Than love him all my Days.
 Bless God, my Soul, even unto Death,
 And write a Song for every Breath.

X. *The Soul's Thirst.*

1.

I BLESS my God for giving Grace,
 Whose Bounty will augment my Store ;
 And as my Grace does thus advance,
 So, Lord, thy Praises shall be more.

2.

But surely Hearts are Barren Soil,
 Mere Nature can bear nothing good ;
 But I shall grow ; the Holy Ghost
 Waters me with a sacred Flood.

3.

Be thou to me as thou hast been
 Unto thy Chosen *Israel*,
 A Dew to keep my Branches green.
 A Sun to make my Blossom smell.

4.

He who esteems a trifling Joy
 Above the Beamings of thy Face,
 Prefers a Dunghill to a Throne,
 And faileth in his heavenly Race.

5.

But Heaven-born Souls are thirsty still,
And eager Saints thro' Haste complain ;
Yet they that dwell on *Sion's Hill*,
Shall ne'er be parch'd thro' want of Rain.

XI. *For Spiritual Protection.*

1.

SURROUNDING Hosts of Enemies
Are watching to break in ;
And Satan in his Ambush lies,
T' ensnare my Soul in Sin :
But God sets his protecting Guard
Around his Children all,
Who Light and Safety have from him,
As from a fiery Wall.

2.

This Satan sees with envious Eyes,
And shakes at me his Chain ;
This, when the Soul discerns, 'tis free
From all distrustful Pain :
The World puts on its daunting Frown,
And thinks to make me fly :
But no Temptations cast me down,
Whilst Thou, my Rock, art nigh.

3.

But when my God withdraws his Hand,
I stumble at a Pin ;
My Resolutions and my Vows,
Surrender and give in.

Help, Lord ! That Frame set up within,
 Which thine own Hand did raise,
 Shall else be broken up by Sin,
 And thou wilt lose the Praise.

4.

Even as thy Care, thy Hand is large,
 And fills each empty Space :
 Remember that I am thy Charge ;
 This Day consult my Case :
 My Soul, my Frame I will commit
 To thee, O Holy Ghost !
 Thou art my Guardian ; and I trust,
 Thy Work shall not be lost.

XII. *Lamenting the Loss of first Love.*

1.

O THAT my Soul was now as Fair
 As it has sometimes been,
 Devoid of that distracting Care
 Without, and Guilt within :
 There was a Time when I could tread
 No Circle but of Love ;
 That joyous Morning now is fled,
 How heavily I move !

2.

Unhappy Soul, that thou should'st force
 Thy Saviour to depart,
 When he was pleased with so coarse
 A Lodging in thy Heart !
 How sweetly I enjoy'd my God !
 With how Divine a Frame !
 I thought, on every Plant I trod,
 I read my Saviour's name .



3.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I talk'd with thee,
So sweetly we agreed,
And thou no Stranger wast to me
Till I became a Weed :
The Tempter robb'd me, and I must
I fear be ever Poor ;
May this suffice, to roll i'th' Dust
Before thy Temple Door.

4.

My dearest Lord, my Heart flames not
With Love, that sacred Fire ;
But since my Love has wore that Blot,
Repentance runs the higher :
O might those Days return again,
How welcome they should be !
Shall my Petition be in vain
Since Grace is ever free ?

5.

Lord of my Soul, return, return,
To chase away this Night ;
Let not thine Anger ever burn ;
God once was my Delight.

XIII. *The Conflict.*

1.

AH me ! My Heart's the Seat of War ;
Two Armies there appear ;
Satan has drawn his Forces up ;
My God, my Strength, draw near.

The Flesh and Spirit do contend
 For this weak Soul of mine;
 Two Worlds in Competition stand;
 Lord, save me, I am thine.

2.

The Soul upon the Wing of Faith
 Strews Triumphs in its Way;
 But strait a guilty Thought breaks in,
 And mingles Night with Day.
 I cry to God, those Cries declare,
 Whose part my Soul does take,
 Accept my poor Desires, whilst I
 Do this resistance make.

3.

My Evidences should be clear;
 But Ah! The Blots of Sin
 Turn cheering Hopes to sad'ning Fear,
 And make black Doubts within:
 The Laws of Sin and Grace will jar,
 Both dwelling in one Room;
 The Saints expect perpetual War,
 Till they are sent for home.

4.

Altho' these Combats make you fear,
 They should not cast you down;
 God will give Grace to hold out here,
 And Glory for its Crown.

XIV. *The Backslider's Return.*

1.

THOU' I am fallen from my God,
 I'll venture to draw nigh;



His Word assures me he would not
Have any Sinner die :
Sinners may hope to see God's Face,
Tho' fallen ne'er so low,
If they go to the Throne of Grace,
And weeping as they go.

2.

Who shames himself before him there,
His Sin shall be forgot ;
If Sinners blush, when they confess,
Their Saviour hides their Spot ;
Ah, Lord ! I am asham'd to come,
Asham'd with Thee to meet ;
I dare not look, but down I fall
At thy most blessed Feet.

3.

Did ever any thus before,
Thus basely wrong thy Grace ?
Sure, I'm more Vile than any one
Of Lapsed *Adam's* Race,
Here comes a Prodigal ; Lord, hear,
And answer at his Call ?
I beg for Jesus Sake, that thou
Remember not my fall.

4.

Nothing I plead on my behalf ;
But yet thou knowest well,
Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black Brands
Snatch'd from a burning Hell.
The Blood of Bulls thou asketh not ;
A Penitential Groan
Shall be accepted ; this I bring,
And offer at thy Throne.

XV. *The Sinner's Morning Prayer ; as the
· 100th Psalm.*

1.

GOD, who once more unseal'd mine Eyes,
Shall have my choicest Sacrifice ;
My highest Thanks I humbly pay,
For Mercies running Night and Day.

2.

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,
And Grace that I offend no more ;
O let thy Goodness never cease ;
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

3.

As thou renewest still my Days,
With new Endearments Crown my Ways ;
Father, with me this Day abide,
Be thou my Leader and my Guide.

4.

That I may plainly see and know
The very Path that I should go,
And may at Night rejoicing say,
My God was kind to me this Day.

5.

Those Graces that I want, supply,
And keep me with a tender Eye ;
Let my Corruptions more and more
Lose of the Ground they had before.

6.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,
And like the fruitful Lily thrive :

The fruitful Christian honours God,
And shews his Pastures to be good.

7.

Give me my Claim to Heaven clear,
Thy constant Grace to persevere ;
Whilst here on Earth, be thou my Guard,
And at the last my great Reward.

XVI. *The Sinner's Evening Prayer ; as
the 100th Psalm.*

1.

O Lord, behold a wretched one,
That flings himself before thy Throne
By Practice sinful, and by Birth,
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth !

2.

O let thy Christ, my Jesus be,
To save from Sin and Misery !
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,
Intreating Pardon for this Day.

3.

God made this World and brought me in,
And I brought mine, my World of Sin ;
Behold those Sins, not as a Spy
To mark, or as a Judge to try :

4.

But as Physician to the Poor,
Who brings a Balsam for the sore.
Absolve, renew me, by thy Grace,
Fit me for Death which comes apace.

5.

Encircle me within thine Arm,
 My Body to defend from Harm ;
 Preserve my wand'ring Soul from Sin,
 Both going out, and coming in.

6.

Keep far from me a careless Heart,
 From which my Saviour would depart ;
 O bless and prosper all my Ways,
 That they may issue in thy Praise.

XVII. *A Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

1.

I AM a Tree that God hath set,
 Which he expects should grow ;
 We must allow that Hand to reap,
 Which was at Cost to sow.
 If thou expectest from my Flock,
 Or from my Tillage Bread,
 Then help me to improve my Stock,
 Let not thy Grace lie dead.

2.

Those Talents that the Masters lend,
 The Servants must improve.
 Thine Aid, O my great Master ! Send,
 To help me from above :
 Since thou didst buy me when a Slave,
 Shall I not now be true ?
 I'll use the power that I have,
 Dear Saints, for God and you.

3.

With Riches give liberal a Heart,
That so I may restore,
And freely pay the Tythes unto
Thy Deputies the Poor :
That Honour thou dost shine on me,
Shall honour thee always ;
My lesser Talents join to pay
Their Tribute to thy Praise.

4.

Whate'er is mine, it first was thine,
And thine shall ever be ;
All my Enjoyments shall combine
To raise and honour thee :
My Parts, my Time, my every Thing,
Are wholly thine, I own ;
Accept the Music from each String
Presented at thy Throne.

XVIII. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

1.

TO-DAY the Lord of Hosts invites
Unto a costly Feast ;
O, what a Privilege is this,
To be my Saviour's Guest !

2.

All they that sit down with him must
Be decked with his Grace ;
He smiles on such Communicants,
And they behold his Face.

3.

But who, and what am I, O Lord,
Unholy, and unmeet
To come within thy Doors, or once
Wash thy Disciples Feet ?

4.

Come, Holy Spirit, come, and take
My filthy Garments hence :
The Guilt, the Stain, the Love of Sin,
Will give my Lord Offence.

5.

Remember not my Sins, O Lord,
Which ever load my Mind ;
Thy Son did die for such as I,
That I might Mercy find.

6.

Worldly Distractions, stay behind,
Below the Mount abide ;
Be no Disturbance to my Mind,
Nor make my Saviour Chide.

7.

Let nothing that is not Divine,
Within thy Presence move ;
Whate'er would cause thee not to shine
In Tokens of thy Love.

8.

Whilst thou dost at thy Table sit,
Send out thy Spirit to breathe
Upon my Soul, to summon forth
My Graces from beneath.

9.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,
Awake, O every Grace ;
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his Face.

10.

O come, my Lord, the Time draws nigh
That I am to receive ;
Stand with my Pardon sealed by,
Persuade me to believe.

11.

Let not my Jesus now be strange,
Nor hide himself from me ;
O cause thy Face to shine upon
The Soul that longs for thee.

12.

O let our Entertainment now
Be so exceeding sweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thy Table meet.

XIX. *Under Desertion.*

1.

MY Lord, my God, I once could sing ;
But now I fear to say
My God ; I only cry, my King,
Of Force I must obey :
I've forfeited that blessed Guest,
That Joy that sometimes shone
Within this dark unhallow'd Breast ;
O whither is it gone ?

2.

In infinite Compassion, Lord,
 To my Complaint give ear ;
 Whole Troops of Sorrow bear me down ;
 O when wilt thou appear ?
 Remember, Lord, what I am styl'd,
 Tho' under Darkness great,
 Tho' under Darkness, still thy Child,
 My Heart is still thy Seat.

3.

My King, thou dost possess that Throne,
 Thou dost that Scepter sway ;
 'Tis thine still, Lord, 'tis thine alone,
 I hate the Sinner's Way.
 Lord, when thou seest me come to Pray,
 Bow down a Gracious Ear
 To answer ; if my Lord delay,
 One darksome Day's a Year.

4.

To shine upon a Soul so vile,
 Would magnify thy Grace ;
 I long for nothing but a Smile
 From my dear Saviour's Face ;
 I will no more my Lord provoke.
 Or cause thee to withdraw ;
 Thy former Frowns have made me wise,
 To Fear, and stand in Awe.

5.

My restless Soul will ne'er give o'er,
 Until thy Bowels move ;
 I'll not be driven from thy Door
 'Till thou shalt say, I love.

XX. *For the Success of the Gospel ; as
the 100th Psalm.*

1.

WHEN, Lord, shall *Jew* and *Gentile* raise
Harmonious Consorts to thy Praise ?
The Joys of this united Choir
Will tune our praising Voices higher.

2.

Broken with Grief, thy Watchmen call
To God from *Salem's* broken Wall ;
Alas ! the Dews of Grace distil,
So thin on thirsty *Sion's* Hill.

3.

Thy Saints complain that they are few ;
Make Converts fall as Morning Dew.
Owing that *Jacob's* Tents are fair,
Own *Pisgah* for the sweetest Air.

4.

Our Watchmen, Lord, rejoice to bless,
Smile in a sevenfold Success ;
O may thy Gracious Kingdom come,
And Souls, as swift-wing'd Doves, fly home.

5.

Now *Sion's* Poor shall all be fed,
Here God supplies her Poor with Bread ;
Then let the Saints disband all Strife,
Run Arm in Arm the Path of Life.



XXI. *For a Soft Heart.*

1.

THAT Heart is harder than a Stone
 That rises up to play,
 And ne'er with Sorrow thinks upon
 The Sins of Yesterday ;
 The last Night's Failures well might make,
 If they were duly scann'd,
 Each Rock, each Sinner's Heart to ache,
 For Saints are daily tann'd.

2.

Ah, Lord ! Thou seest my frozen Heart,
 How Little, Little Love !
 I owe thee All, scarce pay thee Part ;
 Drop Softness from above.
 If thou with-hold a little Space,
 With-hold not very long ;
 Send down the meltings Dews of Grace,
 I'll send thee up a Song.

3.

Make my Heart softer, softer still,
 Me like thy Mourning Dove ;
 I Mourn, because I cannot Mourn ;
 But, Lord, thou know'st I love :
 Make my Heart softer, softer still,
 That by thy gracious Hand
 A deep Impression may be made,
 Even from the least Command.

XXII. *Against Unbelief.*

1.

A SOUL that's burthen'd with the Weight
 Of Sin that on him lies,

Must go to *Golgotha*, then ask,
For whom that Saviour dies ?
Surely, for Sinners, such as I,
That Precious Blood was spilt ;
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
And wash away your Guilt.

2.

When Jesus calls, shall Sinners fear ?
Tho' thou was Satan's Slave,
The Saviour's Voice shall ever cheer,
Whose Errand was to save :
He once appear'd to *Magdalen*,
When blinded with her Tears,
To lead on others to believe,
And cast away their Fears.

3.

My Sins are grown so high, that they
Deserve a second Flood ;
Behold the Deluge ; Christ is come
To drown them in his Blood :
My Work is to believe on him,
By Faith his Blood apply ;
When Faith takes out the fiery Sting,
The Sinner shall not die.

4.

Lord, Satan says, my Sins are high,
And spread before thy Face ;
Vast Heights indeed ; but what are these
Unto the Heights of Grace ?



XXIII. *For Universal Obedience.*

1.

LORD, thou hast planted me a Vine
 In fertile Soil and Air ;
 Now tend and Water me as thine,
 Make me thy daily Care :
 My Christ, I'm wholly thine, direct
 My wand'ring in the Dark :
 O may my constant Aims be strait,
 Thine Honour be my Mark.

2.

I have observ'd thy Sacred Laws
 To be exceeding wide,
 Let me not from the least of them
 Turn wilfully aside :
 Lord, let thy Word and Spirit guide
 Thy Servant in thy Way ;
 May I walk closely with my God,
 And run no more astray.

3.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Cross alone,
 And other Saints be free ?
 Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
 And there is one for me :
 Whene'er it falls unto my Lot,
 Let it not drive me from
 My God ; let me ne'er be forgot
 Till thou hast lov'd me home.

4.

O happy Christians, be not loth
 To have a coarser Fare ;
 Saints that have had no Table-cloth
 Had Christ at Dinner there ;

To do or suffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Christ stands by ;
Support me with thy constant Aid,
Lest all thy Graces die.

5.

Thy Way is to the Upright Strength ;
Lord, make it so to me,
That never tiring with the Length,
My Soul may reach to thee.

XXIV. *The Sinner's Cry for Quickening Grace.*

1.

THE Spouse sought her Beloved One,
But sought him on her Bed ;
Seldom such Seekers speed with God ;
Cold Prayers are counted dead.
How many Duties do I spoil,
How many Sins do I
Contract by this my drowsy frame,
Forgetting Christ is by ?

2.

The Saints enjoy a lively Frame,
Run cheerfully to God ;
Their Heav'nly Praises shew the same
Whilst I'm a lifeless Clod.
Ah, Lord, shall it be ever thus ?
Have I no Wings for thee ?
It grieves me to go bowed down,
Whilst other Christians flee.

3.

None can remedy this, but thou ;
Drop down the Oil of Love,

My Soul then like *Aminadab*,
 With swift Delight shall move :
 O come to me with quick'ning Grace,
 Remove this drowsy Frame !
 Then shall the Fire of Love within
 Break out into a Flame.

4.

Come, come to me, O come, and set
 My Soul upon the Wing !
 When I upon the Mountain get,
 I'll praise my Heav'nly King :
 No more delays, O come and blow,
 Stir up thy Grace begun !
 When thou dost breathe, thy Spices flow,
 The Work goes kindly on.


XXV. *For Communion with God.*

1.

ALAS, my God, that we should be
 Such Strangers to each other !
 O that as Friends we might agree,
 And walk, and talk together !
 Thou know'st my Soul does dearly love
 The Place of thine Abode ;
 No Music drops so sweet a Sound.
 As these two Words, *My God*.

2.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
 Within these Gardens here ;
 I find no sweetness in their Rose
 When Jesus is not near :



Thy gracious Presence, O my Christ,
Can make a Paradise ;
Ah what are all the goodly Pearls
Unto this Pearl of Price !

3.

May I taste that Communion, Lord,
Thy People have with thee ?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me !
Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my Day,
Attended with the Heav'nly *Guards*,
Upon the King's High-way.

4.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord,
O come, my Lord, most dear !
Come near, come nearer, nearer still ;
I'm well when thou art near.
When wilt thou come unto me, Lord ?
I languish for thy Sight ;
Ten Thousands Suns, if thou art strange,
Are shades instead of Light.

5.

When wilt thou come unto me, Lord,
For 'till thou dost appear,
I count each Moment for a Day,
Each Minute for a Year :
Come, Lord, and never from me go,
This World's a darksome Place ;
I find no pleasure here below,
When thou dost veil thy Face.

6.

There's no such Thing as Pleasure here ;
My Jesus is my All ;

As thou dost shine, or disappear,
 My pleasures rise or fall :
 Come, spread thy Savour on my Frame,
 No sweetness is so sweet ;
 'Till I get up to sing thy Name,
 Where all thy Singers meet.

XXVI. *Departure.*

1.

I HAD a Lord, but Ah, he's gone,
 And left my troubled Soul alone :
 Him I pursue with begging Eyes ;
 Alas, he disregards my Cries.

2.

I bid my Sighs my Griefs declare,
 He counts my Sighs for empty Air ;
 So, like a wither'd Flower I mourn ;
 Nor can look up till he return.

3.

O thou lov'd Object of my Soul,
 Thou, my Physician, make me whole ;
 Those whom thy Absence makes to grieve,
 Thy Presence only can relieve.

4.

Sure Sin's the Cause ; but tho' it be,
 Thou pitiest Sinners, pity me ;
 Lord, I have read thy Blood was spilt
 To wash away the Sinner's Guilt.

5.

If every Sin was guilt of Blood,
 And I mark'd out for Vengeance stood,

I'd run, and to the Saviour kneel ;
The Saviour knows what Sinners feel .

6.

My pitying Friends would yield Content
To me thus lost in Banishment ;
None but my Lord can ease my Pain,
All other Helpers help in vain.

XXVII. *Lord's Day ; as Psalm 100th.*

1.

THOU spread'st a Weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may Banquet on thy Word ;
Whilst Means in plenty we enjoy,
Let not our Soul be parch'd and dry.

2.


We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,
Those Waters which refresh and cool ;
We wait, whose Souls are scorch'd with Sin,
O come, dear Saviour, help us in.

3.

Thy Power and thy Grace display,
Be thou amongst us on thy Day ;
That Sinners may observe thy Call,
And num'rous Converts to thee fall.

4.

That those who do thy Footsteps trace,
May find all Sweetness in thy Grace ;
O, may they never more complain,
That they have sought their God in vain.



5.

Thy People at thy Footstool lie,
Behold us with a gracious Eye ;
O let our Souls with Jesus meet,
Our Fellowship with him be sweet.

6.

Among thy People here am I ;
Lord, let me not be passed by ;
May this poor Soul with triumph say,
I've seen my dearest Lord to Day.

7.

I sit within thy Temple Shade,
O let thy Presence make me glad ;
Love me, my Lord, or else I die,
Thy Love alone can satisfy.

XXVIII. *Death of Saints.*

1.

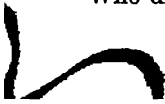
MAN'S Life's a Sigh, a Groan, a Cry,
Looks up, and then begins to die ;
Death steals upon us while we're Green,
Behind us digs a Grave unseen.

2.

But Oh, how free a Mercy's this,
That Death's a Portal into bliss !
While yet the Body's scarce undrest,
The Soul is slipt into its Rest !

3.

My Soul ! Death swallows up thy Fears,
Thy Grave-cloaths dry off all thy Tears ;
Why should we fear this parting Pain,
Who die that we may live again ?



4.

Who walk below in Light and Love,
Are sure to live with Christ above ;
A Bosom Heaven will afford,
To those that live upon the Lord.

5.

O how the Resurrection Light,
Will clarify Believer's Sight !
How joyful will the Saints arise,
And rub the Dust from off their Eyes !

6.

My Soul, my Body, I will trust
With him who numbers every Dust ;
My Saviour faithfully will keep
His own ; for Death is but a Sleep.

XXIX. *Another.*

1.

DEATH steals upon us unwares,
And digs a Grave unseen,
Whilst we Dispute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what has been ;
Shall I be bent on Vanity
And Rottenness to trust,
'Till Death shall lay his Hands on me,
And crumble me to Dust ?

2.

What if my Sun should set at Noon,
If Death should call to Day ?
Canst thou, my Soul, go off so soon ?
Hast thou no Scores to pay ?

Behold my Sands, how quick they fall,
 How near I am my Goal ;
 Let not my Body be undress'd,
 'Till thou hast dress'd my Soul.

3.

That at the Trumpet's Sound I may
 Spring from my dusty Bed :
 Rejoicing at the Voice that calls,
 Arise, come forth, ye Dead.
 Lord, give me Patience if I lie
 Upon a Dying-Bed ;
 O let my Saviour standing by,
 Support my weary Head.

4.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith
 Whilst dismal Fears annoy ;
 My Jesus, be my sweet Defence ;
 My Jesus, be my Joy.
 Blest Advocate, do thou not fail
 At this Time to appear ;
 O let my shaken Faith prevail,
 My Evidence be clear.


5.

My Soul in thy sweet Hands I trust ;
 Now can I sweetly sleep,
 My Body falling to the Dust,
 I leave with thee to keep.

XXX. *Psalm 63, 8. My Soul follows hard
 after thee.*

1.

MY God, my God, my Light, my Love,
 Mine All in All to me,



Wilt thou a gracious Father prove
To Souls that hang on thee ?

2.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
For thee I thirst alone ;
The sweetest Waters upon Earth,
My Soul accounts as none.

3.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Mine only, only Friend,
I seek, I long, I look for thee,
Why wilt thou not attend ?

4.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
O whither art thou gone ?
Either be near, unto me here,
Or lift me to thy Throne.

5.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Canst thou that Soul forsake,
That follows thee with restless Cries,
Longing to overtake ?

6.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Thy Child intreats thy stay.
Father, shall not thy Bowels move ?
O turn, and look this Way.

7.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Come, come, with me abide ;

Rejoice me with thy Presence, Lord,
I know no Joy beside.

8.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love,
Hear thou my mournful cry ;
The God of Love hears from above
He will not see me die.

FINIS.

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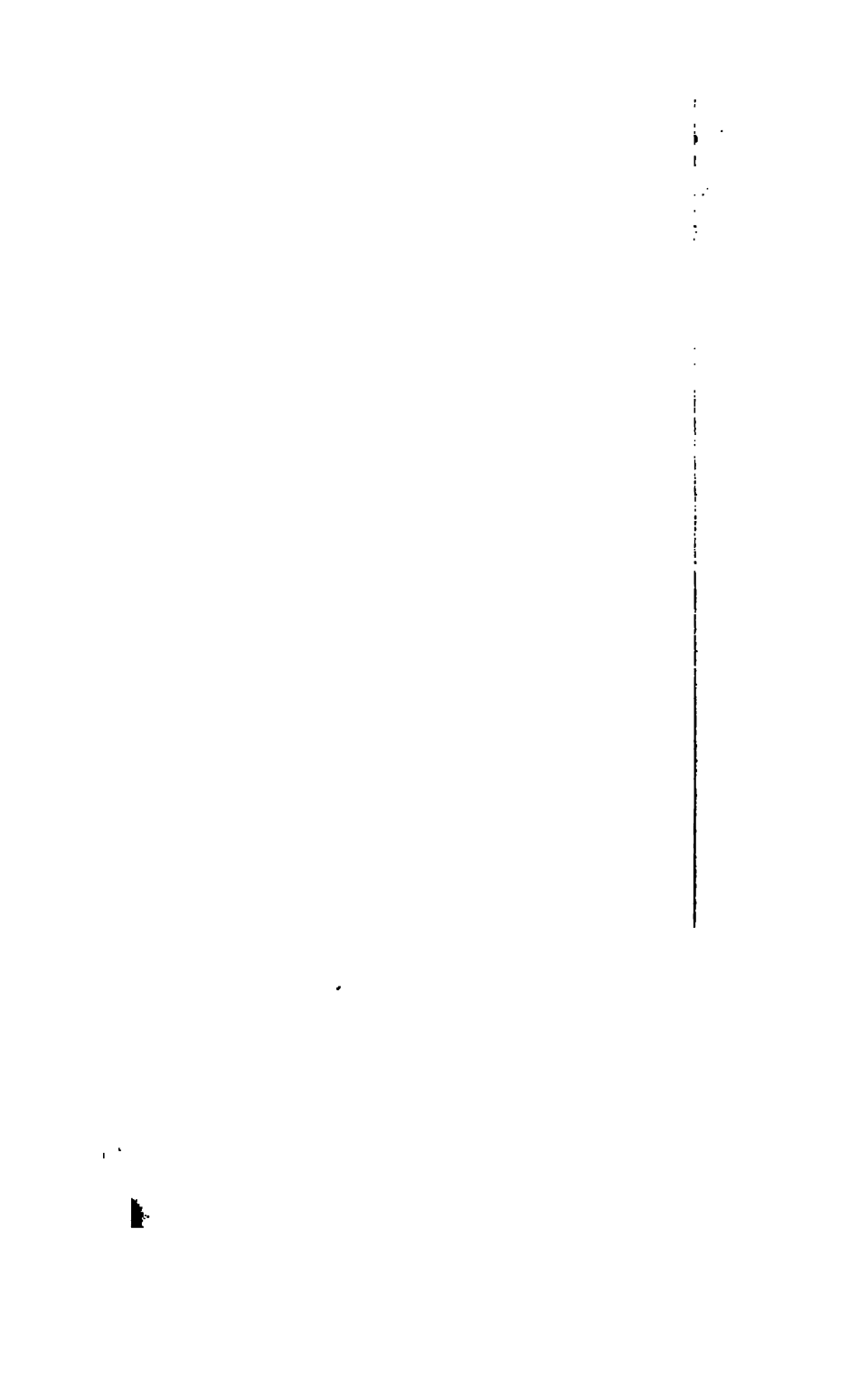
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